

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 27, 1956

America's National Sports Weekly

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FOOTBALL'S FIFTH WEEK





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Cover, Football's Fifth Week ▶

The traditional request for silence by Syracuse Quarterback Clark Zimmerman was not honored by football's fifth week. For a wrap-up of the noisy upsets see page 14.

Photograph by Richard Meek

Next week



▶ Alton Higgins presents a Preview of the National Horse Show on the eve of its diamond jubilee. Striking color photographs catch the special flavor of the event.

▶ A fond appreciation by Ed Zera of the remarkable and imaginative English springer spaniel, equally valuable as a waterfowl and pheasant retriever or as a household pet.

▶ Charles Goren introduces as a guest columnist his partner, Helen Sobel, who answers just a few of the many, many questions she is asked—often while playing a hand.

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A noble Lobster Newburg!

TO HARD-BITTEN Maine lobstermen we whispered our Lobster Newburg recipe.

Here's a thick creamy sauce with a flavor delicate as a debutante's feelings. Stiff with chunks of plump, tender lobster.

Even now, we are distracted trying to keep it in stock. People scramble for it. Executives tuck tiny under their habilitments and send home to gorge.

You'll find our noble Newburg, piping hot on toast, to be light-years ahead of pallid Newburgs made without loving thought and care. Into *surv*, we put our souls.

P. S. Lobster Newburg is but one of 60 delectable Gourmet Foods. If you're not sure, tell us! We'll give directions by return post.



GENERAL FOODS



GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

MEMO from the publisher

HOUSE shows on this continent now move to their colorful climax—with the Pennsylvania National at Harrisburg, Pa. (Oct. 18-25) leading off, followed by the National at New York (Nov. 4-11) and the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto (Nov. 14-22). Next week, as part of a PREVIEW of the National, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents four pages of color which catch the braid and ribbons, the polished hoofs and sleek equine grace which make this among the most beautiful sights in sport.

More than a sight, a horse show is also a highly competitive event; and some of the importance of the three big forthcoming shows derives from the fact that they are the only ones in North America sanctioned for international team competition. This means that the United States Equestrian Team will be jumping against teams from Canada, Cuba, Germany and Mexico.

Last week in the busy middle of readying himself and horses for the contests, Billy Steinkraus, captain of the United States Equestrian Team since 1955, dismounted long enough to visit New York City, where we had a chance to talk with him. Recognized as one of the most brilliant horsemen this country has produced, Steinkraus only recently returned from leading the USET on the most successful of its trips around the exacting European circuit. In addition to being an equestrian scholar (he has just finished editing a European book on jumping, for fall publication), Steinkraus is also, it turned

out, a student of all sports and one of our regular readers.

"I'm particularly interested in what you've done on sports techniques," he said. "Arcaro on *The Art of Race Riding*, of course. But although Arcaro and I both ride Thoroughbreds, we often must do quite unrelated things. Eddie, for instance, can use opponents' errors. I ride against an ideal in which the job is to avoid my own. I'm actually just as interested in all sports—Billy Schaeffler on skiing, Ben Hogan on golf, Don Carter on bowling or even Lou Groza on the place kick. I'm pretty sure there's a common denominator in sport.



BILLY STEINKRAUS

When Hogan discusses the grip as a preliminary to swinging—there are parallels in riding and, for that matter, in violin and viola playing. [Steinkraus was for three years a violinist with the Connecticut Symphony.] And I know for certain the more you understand what people do in other sports, the more you understand why you do what you do in your own.

"And that," said he, "is what I like about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED!"

Billy Steinkraus laughed. "I didn't mean to be giving you an old-fashioned commercial. But," he added, "you can quote me."

It's a pleasure.

Harry Phillips

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can do what they look

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And when it's a new 1959 Car of The *Forward Look*, the beauty of it makes it tough to be hard-headed.

But the best part comes next—

These are cars engineered to be driven.

At their best when they're in motion as your hand and foot command!

Here's why they *can* do what they look like they can do:

All the controls are at your fingertips. The pushbutton driving controls are all in one handy cluster of buttons, just under your left hand. (Easy for you to get at—keeps your right hand on the wheel. And the youngsters can't reach 'em!) Another set of buttons to your right controls the heater and air conditioning. And the instruments on the new panel are grouped where you can see them without looking too far away from the road.



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The steering works for you full time. We call it Constant-Control full-time power steering, because it doesn't just "cut in" at turns, as some power steering does. Ours helps you all the time, so you have a constant, steady "feel of the road." It makes these the easiest driving and parking cars in America.

Constant-Control power steering works for you full time, never has that "on-and-off" feeling—makes parking easier than ever.



They don't hob their noses or scrape their tails when you start and stop fast . . . and they take corners flat and steady as if they were on rails. Only Chrysler Corporation cars have Torsion-Aire Ride. It gives you a firm, sure-footed ride, even over railroad tracks and rough country roads. (And for '59 you can also get *Forward Look* cars with added air units in the rear. This gives you automatic leveling—so even if you have a heavy load, the car rides level.)

The seats swivel to let you in and out. These are the easiest cars you've ever seen to get in and out of. Front seats turn like an office chair, on noiseless nylon bearings—lock in place while you drive. Our new, roomier body for '59 gives you extra head and knee room besides—especially in back.



New Mirror-Matic Electronic Mirror and Automatic Beam Changer give you new night driving security.



Mirror and headlights adjust themselves for night driving. You've never driven a car that did so much to make you feel secure at night! The headlights dim automatically when another car approaches from up front. And



New swivel seats, available only on Cars

the rear-vision mirror adjusts itself electronically to "dim" lights coming at you from behind.

A few of the other safety features: an outside fender mirror you can adjust from *inside* the car . . . electric windshield wipers that don't slow to a gasp on hills or when you step out to pass somebody . . . and Safety-Rim Wheels, designed to keep the tire from jumping the rim if you ever have a sudden blowout.

Compound windshields that sweep all the way across your field of vision—and curve up into the top of the car, so you have clear vision in all directions—can even see overhead signals without craning your neck.

 **Chrysler**

like they can do



of The Forward Look, make them the easiest cars to get in and out of you ever saw.

New power up front—and brakes with the muscle to hold it. You may remember that Chrysler Corporation cars walked off with top performance honors in the famous Mobilgas Economy Run for the past two years straight—with every other major car in America pitted against them. The new '59 models are available with new engines—even better than those that set the pace in '57 and '58!

Compound curve windshields were introduced first by Chrysler Corporation. And there's safety glass all around.



And they've got the brakes to go

with 'em—Total-Contact brakes. Two hydraulic cylinders up front, where other cars have only one. And the brake makes contact all the way around the drum—not just part of the way, as in other cars. Touch the power brake pedal—and you STOP.



True aerodynamic styling makes a real contribution to driving stability on the highway.

The Look that started the trend is handsomer than ever in the 1959 cars of The Forward Look. There's no mis-

taking them, with their sleek, powerful look, and aerodynamic design that helps keep them steady on the road. And to protect their looks, they have new "Lustre-Bond" super-enamel finishes, so tough and glossy, a light wash and wipe makes your car look like you spent the whole weekend polishing. Inside—new textured upholstery fabrics and trims are more durable and beautiful than ever before. And the quality of workmanship built into these cars is apparent everywhere you look—inside and out.



More room to sit, more room to carry things than any other station wagon on the road.

America's biggest, best-looking wagons. We build our wagons family-size, with more sitting and carrying room than any others at any price. More Chrysler Corporation pioneered features too—third seat that faces back, spare tire hidden in the fender, windows that roll down into the tailgate, seats that fold flat to the floor in less time than it takes you to read this sentence.

But words are a poor substitute for the real thing, when it comes to describing cars like these. You've got to drive one to believe it!

Stop in this week. The dealer has a car waiting for you and the family to try out. Take a new 1959 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or Imperial and put it through its paces. Pick the roads you know are toughest. One drive will convince you—these are the cars that can do what they look like they can do!

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FOOTBALL'S 5TH WEEK

COMPILED BY MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Army and Pitt, heading for this Saturday's showdown, preserved their respective claims on eastern supremacy, but Navy tumbled from the unbeaten ranks.

Pumbling and uncertain for most of the first half, Army caught up with game but outmanned Virginia in the third quarter. With Halfback Pete Dawkins nursing a charley horse on the sidelines, the Cadets marbled up and down the field on Bob Anderson's running and Joe Caldwell's passing to down the exhausted Cavaliers 35-6.

Pitt found the going a little tougher against determined West Virginia, finally pulled out a 15-8 victory through the personal heroics of Quarterback Ivan Tomko, who passed for two touchdowns and saved the day when he intercepted a frantic Mountaineer pass in the end zone on the final play of the game.

Cornell, crushed by Syracuse only a week earlier, found life among the Ivies

umph over Colgate. Dartmouth, in over its head for the first time, gave it a good try against Holy Cross, losing 14-8 when Johnny Esposito grabbed a blocked field-goal attempt and sprinted 81 yards for the tie-breaker.

Elsewhere, unbeaten Rutgers overwhelmed Bucknell 57-12; Penn State, sparked by Center Wayne Berfield's 98-yard run with an intercepted pass, rolled over Boston U. 34-0 in the NCAA regional telecast on NBC-TV; Syracuse's Chick Zimmerman had his finest day, passing for two touchdowns and scoring a third in a 38-0 win over Nebraska; Villanova sneaked past Wake Forest 9-7 on Dick Keyser's 15-yard field goal; Connecticut laid one heavy hand on the Yankee Conference Bran Pot, stopping previously undefeated Maine 21-6. The top three:

5. ARMY (14-0)
2. PITT (8-1)
3. NAVY (1-1)



BACK OF THE WEEK: Quarterback Richie Pettibon piled up more yards rushing than the whole Navy team, scored both touchdowns as Tulane beat Middies 14-6.



LIVERMAN OF THE WEEK: Center Jim Andreotti called smart defensive signals, led gang-tackling Northwestern line that smothered Michigan attack in 55-24 win.

a little more tolerable. Holding off surprisingly weak Yale 12-7, the Big Red joined Princeton and Dartmouth, both active in nonleague games, at the top of the league. In other Ivy League games, improving Harvard latched on to four Columbia fumbles, turned three of them into touchdowns under the guiding hand of Quarterback Charlie Ravenel (see page 11) to win 26-0; Penn edged past Brown 21-20 when the Bruin, gambling for the works after their third touchdown, failed to make a two-point conversion.

Princeton, which seems to have an abundance of able tailbacks, found two more in Hugh Scott and Ray Emposh, who led the Tigers to an easy 40-13 tri-

THE SOUTH

Navy's Joe Tranchini, caught without his most reliable wings after Ends Tom Hyde and John Kamech were hustled off to the hospital, couldn't do it alone against a Tulane team which suddenly ran out of hard luck in the Oyster Bowl at Norfolk. Tulane's Quarterback Richie Pettibon (see left) used the pass sparingly, instead probed Navy's jitterbugging defenses, found them vulnerable in front of his own hard-charging line, went over twice from up close to help the Greenies upset Navy 14-6 for their first victory after four losses.

Georgia Tech, hopefully outtroughed by Auburn's great line, slipped up and

down by wedge plays aimed at their tackles and held at bay by Tommy Lorino's masterful punting, played hot-potato football, quick-kicking all over the place while waiting for a break. It finally came in the last period, when Quarterback Fred Braselton intercepted a pass, set off an attack which gave the Engineers a 7-7 tie and provided the first nick in Auburn's 17-game winning streak.

LSU, continuing to startle the South, took advantage of Warren Rabb's defense-scattering passes to turn loose Halfback Billy Cannon for 108 yards and two touchdowns, ran over bewildered Kentucky 37-7 to become top dog in SEC.

North Carolina, faster, quicker and hitting harder, jammed up the Maryland running attack, rode to two scores on Quarterback Jack Cummings' accurate pitching to win 27-0 and turn the Terps' Homecoming Day into a personal triumph for Coach Jim Tatum. Moaned Maryland Coach Tommy Most realistically: "We just got the hell knocked out of us."

In other games, Vanderbilt once again found 60 minutes too long, had to share a 6-6 tie when Florida's Jimmy Dunn and David Hudson clicked on an end zone pass with eight seconds to play; Tennessee, sticking to single-wing power, mowed down Alabama 14-7; Mississippi, playing adequately if not spectacularly, moved past Hardin-Simmons 24-0 for its fifth straight. The top three:

4. AUBURN (2-2-0)
3. LSU (5-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI (5-0)

THE WEST

The Rose Bowl sweepstakes were still as wide-open as ever with California the latest to move into the No. 1 spot in the PCC. Quarterback Joe Kapp guided the Bears to two touchdowns, then protected it with some alert pass defending in the waning minutes as California beat blum-bling USC 14-12.

Washington State surprised rock-ribbed Oregon with a sturdy defense of its own to upset the Ducks 6-0 and wander back into contention. UCLA unveiled something called the W formation to beat Washington 29-0 and Oregon State came from behind to catch Idaho 20-6.

Unbeaten Air Force continued to make their better-known service brethren sit up and take notice as they muscled past Stanford 16-0, but College of Pacific, the big little team on the West Coast, was gang-tackled nearly to death by the rough, tough Cincinnati Bearcats, who gave Dick Bass little running room and won 12-6.

Wyoming, battling to retain the Sky-line Conference lead, barely squeaked by Colorado State 7-6, got set to defend first place against New Mexico, 33-13 winner over Arizona. The top three:

1. AIR FORCE (3-0-0)
2. COLORADO STATE (3-0)
3. COLLEGE OF PACIFIC (3-1)

continued



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Kentucky bourbon...
always smoother because
it's slow-distilled**

There are less costly ways to make bourbon—but they'll never give you the smoothness of Early Times. The extra care and attention of slow distilling...the patient willingness to take twice as long is the old-style way, the smoothing way to make whisky. Next time, ask for Early Times.

EARLY TIMES

ESTD 1854

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PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE FRENCH ALPS AT VAL D'ISÈRE, SAVOIE

WARM...YET LIGHT

Active in cold weather? Wear this warm,
all-nylon jacket—it weighs only 31 oz.!

This jacket made of 100% Du Pont nylon will keep you warm as toast, in weather as cold as snow . . . yet won't weigh you down with bulk. For Du Pont nylon keeps body heat in, cold out . . . makes winter more comfortable, more fun. The good-looker above, for instance, is lustrous, long-wearing nylon

tafeta on the outside, luxurious, fleecy nylon on the inside, and is great for active wear. Easy to care for, too. Just wash it, hang it, and it dries ready to put on. See this jacket—and other jackets made of 100% Du Pont nylon—at your favorite store today.

Du Pont makes Spandex, not the fabric or jacket shown here.

DU PONT
NYLON



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

THE SOUTHWEST

Rice and TCU were meeting precariously atop the Southwest Conference, with Texas and Baylor just a breath behind, but in the upset-prone SWC anything can, as they say, happen.

Rice, notorious for improving fast after a sluggish start, looked crisp and sharp as it shook its backs loose for telling yardage, including a 61-yard touchdown scamper by Halfback Pat Bailey. Bill Buck and Gordon Speer added field goals, a 14-7 upset of SMU, which missed its ailing passer, Don Meredith.

Completed passes were as cheap as wedding rings in a dime store as TCU's Hunter Ellis (8 for 10 and 85 yards) and Texas A&M's Charlie Minstead (16 for 23 and 189 yards) engaged in a spectacular aerial duel. In the end, however, it was a pair of squatty second-team halfbacks, Harry Mowland and Carlos Vacek, who made the difference as the Horned Frogs turned back the Aggies 24-8 to give Coach Albe Martin a much-appreciated 50th birthday gift.

Texas, not quite so wonderful as against Oklahoma the week before, didn't have to be to wait pass punchless Arkansas 24-6, while Baylor, ably directed by Quarterback Buddy Humphrey, with help from bruising Fullback Larry Hickman, beat Texas Tech 26-7. The top three:

1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. TCU (4-1)
3. RICE (3-2)

THE MIDWEST

The Midwest was aflame with unexpected football verve last Saturday as Wisconsin and Michigan State tumbled from their unbeaten pedestals and Michigan was soundly sharked. When it was all over, Northwestern stood side by side with Iowa and Ohio State at the top of the Big Ten.

5TH WEEK LEADERS

No. 11

SCORING	R	PAT	FG	PTE	
Bill Patton, California	8	2	0	79	
Bill Austin, Rutgers	7	6	0	18	
Don Burton, Northwestern	7	0	0	12	
Bob White, Ohio St.	7	0	0	12	
Pete Dawkins, Army	7	0	0	12	
RUSHING	R	YDS	AVG.		
Jack Bass, CDP	69	419	6.1		
Don Perkins, N. Mexico	71	323	4.6		
Bill Austin, Rutgers	57	328	5.8		
PASSING	A	C	PCT	YDS	TD
Bob Newman, Wash. St.	73	89	82	733	6
Lee Grosscup, Utah	37	17	68	600	9
Buddy Humphrey, Baylor	32	16	50	312	2
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS		
Jack Bass, CDP	69	0	419		
Billy Holoban, Va. Tech	151	141	411		
Jack Lee, Cincinnati	118	0	324		
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS	GA	AVG.	
Army	292	1,781	108	6.1	
Colorado	244	1,736	125	6	
Air Force	298	1,633	107	5.5	
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS	GA	AVG.	
Auburn	178	372	93	0	
Purdue	263	568	132	0	
Mississippi St.	205	581	146	0	

The most astounding news came from Northwestern's Dwyer Stadium, where the amazing Wildcats, emerging from the limbo which saw them lose every game last year, caught Michigan with its defenses down. They ran, passed and defended like champions to rumble over the bewildered Wolverines 55-24 (see page 15).

Michigan State was another which felt the wrath of the underdog, bowing to Purdue for the third time since 1953. The Bodermakers, aware they had little to fear from Spartan passing, massed their barricades to hold State runners to 38 yards, outlived their own mistakes (five fumbles) to win 14-6.

Iowa, trailing Wisconsin 9-0 at half time, was ever the opportunist in the second half, converting a Badger fumble into its first touchdown and going ahead to stay when End Jeff Langston snatched a blocked pass out of the air and reeled 21 yards. A 68-yard pass play from Randy Duncan to Rob Jeter completed the 20-9 victory.

Ohio State's volatile Woody Hayes, who earlier in the week had turned the



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK: Quarterback Charlie Ravens (left) small, slick and perky, sparked attack, led Harvard to win over Columbia; Jim Mayo, another quarterback, passed for TD in Air Force whipped Stanford 16-0, stayed unbeaten.

Big Ten air line with his blast that officials were "red-flagging offenses out of existence" while at the same time tolerating "dirty football," spoke his mind to the officials before 82,964 home-town fans and got socked with a 15-yard penalty for his trouble. But the Buckeyes, hardly noticing the furor, powered past hapless Indiana 49-8, as Fullback Bob White scored four times.

When winless Illinois and Minnesota got together at Minneapolis, someone had to win and it was the still Fighting Illini. Bob Hickey pitched twice to End Rich Kriehl for touchdowns, and a 20-8 victory.

Notre Dame, nearly smothered in its own errors, was saved by End Monty Stickles, who grabbed an 8-yard touchdown pass and kicked a 23-yard field goal to beat Duke 9-7. Oklahoma, casting aside its new razzle-dazzle for the moment, ground down Kansas 43-0. Colorado eased past Iowa State 20-0. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (4-0)
2. NORTHWESTERN (4-0)
3. IOWA (3-0-1)

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

AUBURN VS. MARYLAND

Despite last week's standoff with Georgia Tech, Auburn is still the best defensive team in the country. Maryland doesn't have the offense to hurt the Tigers. AUBURN.

SOUTH CAROLINA VS. CLEMSON

This one is steeped in tradition, but Clemson's line is just too powerful for the Gamecocks. Another win on "Big Thursday" for CLEMSON.

SMU VS. GEORGIA TECH

Tech is improving each week, while SMU misconfigured Don Meredith, its talented passer. The Engineers will have the throttle wide open. GEORGIA TECH.

RICE VS. TEXAS

Unbeaten Texas is still riding high after that big win over Oklahoma. Inconsistent Rice won't stop the stampeding Longhorns. TEXAS.

PITT VS. ARMY

Army's Lonesome George and its two tremendous halfbacks, Anderson and Dawkins, are going to have a rough afternoon trying to crack that big, strong Pitt team. An interesting game but I won't pick a winner because I'll be doing this NCAA telecast on NBC-TV.

IOWA VS. NORTHWESTERN

Northwestern has gone from rags to riches in the Big Ten, but this may be the end of the line for the surprising Wildcats. Iowa's Randy Duncan is a match for Northwestern's Dick Thornton, and superior defense gives the nod to IOWA.

NOTRE DAME VS. PURDUE

The Irish can't seem to get an offense rolling, so Purdue, despite a tendency to make mistakes, is my choice. PURDUE.

OHIO STATE VS. WISCONSIN

Wisconsin has good passing, but its line can't play with the big Ohio State for a week. The Buckeyes ground out another one. OHIO STATE.

OREGON STATE VS. WASHINGTON

Anything can and does happen on the West Coast, and this one could go either way. The Beavers are better on the ground and must be given the edge. OREGON STATE.

CALIFORNIA VS. OREGON

California is just as good as Quarterback Joe Kapp, and he is plenty good; but Oregon's greater experience and ball control will thwart Kapp and the Bears. OREGON.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
3 RIGHT, 5 WRONG, 1 TIE
SECOND TO DATE 33-13-2

COMING EVENTS

October 24 to November 2

- * Under television
- * Pay-per-view
- * Network radio

US times E S T unless otherwise noted

Friday, October 25

Auto Racing
St. Charles National Flemish Foll Rally, Kansas City (through Oct. 26)

Boxing
Lopez vs. Whitehead, Houston, 8 p.m. (S) (S)
Lopez vs. Whitehead, Houston, 8 p.m. (S) (S)

Ogg Trial
Wanna vs. Field Trial Club, Labrador retriever trials, Amherst, N.Y.

Saturday, October 25

Basketball (pro)
Boston at New York
Minneapolis at Cincinnati
Philadelphia at Syracuse
St. Louis at Boston

Football (college)
Air Force Academy vs. Utah at Denver
Army at Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (S) (S) (Mutual)
Florida at LSU
Georgia Tech at SMU
Iowa at Missouri
Kansas St. at Oklahoma
Maryland at Auburn
Michigan at Arkansas
Minnesota at Arkansas at Little Rock
Northwestern at Iowa
Oregon at California
Purdue at Notre Dame, 2:30 p.m. (S) (S) (ABC)
Stanford at UCLA
Texas at Rice (S)
Wisconsin at Ohio St.
Regional games (NBC)*

Golf
All-Star Golf, prize match, Peter Thomson vs. Arnold Palmer, Miami Beach, Fla., 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

Hockey (pro)
Boston at Montreal
Chicago at New York, 7 p.m. (S) (S) (CBS)
Detroit at Toronto

Horse Racing
Gulf Stream, \$100,000, Garden State, 4:30 p.m. (S) (S) (CBS)
Shasta County Handicap, \$25,000, Jamaica, N.Y.

Hunt Racing
Stonewall Steeple, Red Bank, N.J.

Sunday, October 26

Auto Racing
NASCAR Big Car Challenge, series, Sacramento
NASCAR Nod. Superstockers, \$14,000, Atlanta

Basketball (pro)
Detroit at Minneapolis, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
New York at Philadelphia

Football (pro)
Chicago Bears at San Francisco
Cleveland at Chicago (Mutual) (CBS)*
Detroit at Los Angeles (CBS)*
Philadelphia at Green Bay (CBS)*
Pittsburgh at New York (CBS)*
Washington at Baltimore (CBS)*

Hockey
Montreal at Detroit
Toronto at New York

Roller Derby
Hobart Derby, New York, 3:30 p.m. (ABC)

Monday, October 27

Boating
Western Hemisphere Regatta, Nassau, Bahamas (through Nov. 1)

Tuesday, October 28

Hockey
Montreal at Chicago

Horse Racing
Kentucky Derby, \$100,000, Louisville, N.Y.

Horse
St. Louis, \$7,000, St. Louis (through Nov. 2)

Wednesday, October 29

Boxing
Caldwell vs. Negruta, middleweight, Boston, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Basketball (pro)
St. Louis at Minneapolis

Hockey
Boston at New York
Montreal at Toronto

Horse Racing
Long John Handicap, \$25,000, Jamaica, N.Y.

Thursday, October 30

Hockey
Chicago at Boston
New York at Detroit

Friday, October 31

Basketball (pro)
Cincinnati at Detroit

Boxing
Casta vs. Ramey, featherweight, 10 p.m. (S) (S)
Gardner, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football (college)
Cincinnati at Miami (S)

Horse Show
Grand Natl. San Francisco (through Nov. 3)

Horse
Grand Natl., \$25,000, San Francisco (through Nov. 3)

Saturday, November 1

Basketball (pro)
Cincinnati at Syracuse
Detroit at Boston
Minneapolis at St. Louis
Philadelphia at New York

Football (college)
Big Ten game (S)*

Air Force Academy vs. Alabama (S)

Bayler at Texas (S)

Brown at Princeton

California at Oregon (S)

College of the Pacific at Boston College

Dartmouth at Yale

Georgia Tech at Duke

Iowa at Michigan

Mississippi at LSU (S)

North Carolina at Tennessee

North Dakota vs. Navy at Baltimore (Mutual, ABC)*

Ohio St. at Northwestern

Oklahoma at Colorado

Oregon at Washington

Pitt at Syracuse

SMU at Texas

Wake Forest at Clemson

Wisconsin at Michigan

Golf
All-Star Golf, Frank Stronach vs. winner of Oct. 25 match, Miami Beach, Fla., 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

Hockey
Chicago at Montreal
Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (CBS)
New York at Toronto

Horse Racing
The Franchise, \$10,000, Jamaica, N.Y.

American Trotting Claimer Invitational, \$75,000, Englewood, Calif.

Hunt Racing
Virginia Fall Races, Middleburg, Va.

Table Tennis
Molodtsov vs. Gorbunov, Chicago (also Nov. 2)

Baseball (pro)
Chicago Bears at Los Angeles

Detroit at San Francisco (CBS)*

Green Bay at Baltimore (CBS)*

New York at Cleveland (CBS)*

Philadelphia at Chicago (CBS)*

Washington at Pittsburgh (CBS)*

**SLENDER...
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who has
never smoked a
cigar



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The Customized Vintage Havana Cigar

A young Chicagoss had one of those days that every American boy dreams about. He was the star of the big game, heard a great crowd shouting his name, basked in the adulation of friends, had a date with a pretty girl. In a week of big upsets—Purdue over Michigan State, Tulane over Navy, Iowa over Wisconsin, Rice over SMU, Washington State over Oregon and Georgia Tech's tie with Auburn—Dick Thornton of Northwestern played a major role in the biggest of all.

PROUD FRATERNITY BROTHERS PARADE THORNTON THROUGH SIGMA NU HOUSE



IN THE WORLD of college football, the season seldom passes that one totally incomprehensible weekend doesn't come along and turn everything upside down. In 1958 it came in the fifth week of an otherwise unusually placid year. Upset followed upset and the mighty toppled like tensins across the land.

Strangely enough, the most chaotic proceedings of all took place at venerable Dye Stadium in Evanston, Illinois, where the ghosts of Dick Hanley, Pappy Waldorf and Otto Graham roam on autumn nights, trying to recall the glories of yesteryear. Last Saturday more glory was earned in 60 minutes of broad daylight than any Northwestern team had earned in 70 years. Led by an obviously unghostly 19-year-old sophomore named Dick Thornton, the Wildcats walked all over Michigan 55-24.

Not that Michigan is quite so mighty as it once was, but it did tie Michigan State and had lost only to Navy. Even with Fullback John Herrnstein and Quarterback Stan Noskin out with injuries, the Wolverines were favored by four points. They were lucky to escape with their lives.

THORNTON AND DATE, PRETTY FRESHMAN



OF A HERO

by ROY TERRELL

Northwestern has not been doing very well lately. The only privately endowed university in the Big Ten, it is an expensive school with high entrance requirements and has had trouble attracting the right kind of muscles. In 1955 the Wildcats didn't win a game and although they managed to take four in 1956, Ara Parseghian's first year as coach, last year they hit bottom again. They lost nine straight. And this fall, when Parseghian looked around, there was hardly a familiar face in sight; only four seniors were on the entire squad. This may have been a blessing in disguise but, in any event, Northwestern was given little chance of setting the Big Ten on fire.

When they outscored Washington State in the season opener 29-28, the consensus of opinion was h'm. When they trampled toothless Stanford 20-0, people said so what. When they beat Minnesota, everyone said what do you know. Now no one knows exactly what to think.

Parseghian, a very handsome young man who came to Northwestern after a fine record at Miami of Ohio (39 victories and six losses in five years),

must have wanted to win this one in the worst possible way. He installed a new unbalanced-line series in the Wildcat offense, worked up a special spread pass and drilled the kids until they were ready to drop. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Chicago correspondent, Robert Boyle, reported that in the week before the game, Parseghian constantly reminded his young team of the hoots and jeers they had drawn at Ann Arbor the year before while being humiliated by Michigan 34-14. He covered the bulletin board in the locker room with newspaper clips that dwelt heavily upon the element of luck in previous Northwestern victories this year. And Parseghian needled his team again and again with the fact that the rest of the Big Ten looked down upon the Wildcats with undisguised scorn.

"You're just the patsies from Northwestern," he would say. "Everybody rolls over you."

On the day of the game Parseghian sent Inspiration in to substitute for Scorn, who was apparently tiring by this time. He led the team through the Lord's Prayer, once in the locker room and again on the field.



THORNTON SCORES AFTER INTERCEPTION

On the first play Northwestern stopped Michigan cold. On the second, Michigan lost 10 yards. On the third they lost seven more. And on the fourth, slippery Halfback Ron Burton raced the Michigan punt back 17 yards to the Michigan 26. In three plays Northwestern scored. The touchdown was a pass from Dick Thornton to Burton from the new spread formation, and after that Parseghian put his spread away because he didn't need it anymore.

The game turned into a slaughter. In the second quarter Northwestern scored 34 points, and Boyle reports that at half time queries began flooding into the Dyche Stadium press box from all over the Midwest to find out what in the world was happening. The puzzled inquirers all seemed to think that every Western Union operator sending out scores from Evanston was either drunk or insane.

An A.P. man called his desk and they refused to believe him. At Lafayette, Indiana, where Michigan State was playing Purdue, the public-address announcer solemnly intoned, "At the half, Northwestern 43, Michigan 0." Then he did a quick double take and blurted out, "We feel there's been a mistake here. We'll have to check back." In Madison, Wisconsin, where Iowa was playing Wisconsin, another announcer read out the same score in the Camp Randall Stadium press box, then shrugged his shoulders helplessly when 50 heads snapped around in

continued

COE? PERRY PARKER. READ UPSET STORY IN PAPER BEFORE LEAVING FOR MOVIE



Art Shoy

his direction. "Well," he said, "that's what it says here."

Northwestern scored four touchdowns in seven minutes of that unbelievable second quarter, added another before half time and two more in the last two periods. The Wildcats pounced on Michigan fumbles, intercepted passes and tackled like demons. Every few minutes another Northwestern back seemed to be crossing the goal. Burton scored twice more; Willie Fowler, the other blistering-fast halfback, scored two; Thornton returned an interception 37 yards and two second-string halfbacks also got into the act. Sam Johnson ran 34 yards (see right), and Ray Purdin took a 19-yard pass from sub Quarterback Chip Holcomb, son of the Northwestern athletic director, for a finale. In the meantime, the defense, led by Linebacker Jim Andreotti and two large and belligerent tackles, Andy Cverko and Gene Gossage, smothered Michigan completely when it had the ball.

In the second half Parseghian humanely sent in the third and fourth teams and Michigan scored three times, but who cared. The result could have been 75-0 just as well. As it was, no one had run up so many points against Michigan in 67 years.

If there was an individual standout, it had to be Thornton, a blue-eyed, brown-haired, Jack Armstrong type of young man from Chicago, who spent the afternoon passing and running the Wolverines dizzy when he wasn't faking them out of their cleats. Still a bit embarrassed by his sudden fame—he has played a big part in all four Northwestern victories—Thornton tries to give all the credit to the rest of the team, insists that he honestly doesn't want to be a star. Apparently there isn't much that he can do about it. Dick's father, an electrical foreman for the Chicago Park District, once played quarterback for the Philadelphia Eagles in the early '30s and began to teach his son the game when Dick was only 2. They still spend summer evenings practicing together in Olympia Park.

An all-state high school quarterback, Thornton picked Northwestern over 47 other colleges because "I knew I would be happiest here" and because of Parseghian. "You have to like and respect a coach, because he plays a big part in four years of your life. Ara's just a wonderful man."

To show Parseghian that they all felt the same way, the Northwestern players hoisted him to their shoulders at game's end and carried him off the field. "It was a welcome change," he said happily in the dressing room.

NEVER AN UNDEFEATED SEASON

Northwestern has never been a great football school—it has never had an undefeated team and the only outright Big Ten championship it ever won came in 1936—but down through the years there have been some very good Wildcat teams. Back in the early years of the century Northwestern was strong, and under Dick Hanley in 1930-31 the Wildcats lost only two games, sharing the conference title both seasons. Pappy Waldorf had winners in the decade before World War II, and Bob Voigts took Northwestern to the Rose Bowl 10 years ago.

But it has been a long time since anything quite so exciting as this has happened around Chicago, where Northwestern has been in an eclipse of late, where the University of Chicago dropped football altogether 19 seasons ago, where the Cardinals are usually in the backwash of the pros and even the Bears seem to have let down. This fine Northwestern team and its equally fine coach seem to be on the verge of bringing football respectability back to town.

It would be a mistake to get too excited, of course. In the next five weeks the Wildcats must play, in order, Iowa, Ohio State, Wisconsin, Purdue and Illinois. It is doubtful that any other college in the country faces such a murderous schedule from here on out. If Northwestern can win three more, it will have had quite a successful season indeed.

And with only four seniors on the squad, just wait until next year.

While Northwestern was putting on its sensational display, the unexpected was happening elsewhere, too.

At Madison, both Wisconsin and Iowa were unbeaten, ranking fourth and 13th respectively in the weekly Associated Press poll. Iowa had been tied by Air Force and Wisconsin was a slight favorite; most people considered the two even, and that is just about the way they played.

Wisconsin won the first half 9-0 and clearly had the better team. Iowa won the second half 20-0 and displayed even more marked superiority. So Iowa won the whole game 20-9

and now shares the Big Ten lead with Ohio State and Northwestern.

Billed as a battle of quarterbacks—Dale Hackbart of Wisconsin vs. Randy Duncan of Iowa—the game turned out to be no such thing. Instead it was a battle of breaks. Wisconsin controlled the ball for a half, while Paul Schwaiko kicked a field goal and Hackbart passed for a touchdown.

In the second half, Iowa recovered a Hackbart fumble and rolled to one touchdown, knocked the ball out of his hand minutes later on an attempted pass and Jeff Langston, who plucked it out of the air, ran that one over, too. As insurance for this lead, Randy Duncan threw a screen pass to flying Bob Jeter, who outran the Wisconsin secondary 68 yards for the clincher. Twice Iowa stopped Hackbart after he had moved the Badgers deep into Iowa territory. It was as uncomplicated as that.

Five years ago Purdue ruined Michigan State's 28-game winning streak. Last year Purdue handed Michigan State its only loss. Last Saturday the Boilermakers did it again, 14-6, which probably surprised not even Coach Duffy Daugherty this time.

Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf had noted earlier that State couldn't pass. "So we were able to concentrate on stopping their running. If there was any secret about how we did it, it must be the defense."

Michigan State had numerous opportunities to win the game, recovering five fumbles and intercepting a pass, but the once-formidable Spartan offense could gain only 38 yards rushing and 65 passing. So Purdue, which itself didn't look particularly overpowering on attack, made its only two touchdown drives stand up.

If the Iowa-Wisconsin game failed to produce a battle of quarterbacks, Tulane's 14-6 upset over Navy certainly did. Navy's Joe Tranchini, who played only 82 minutes as a sophomore quarterback last year, now looks as though he may become even better than his famed predecessors, Tom Forrestal and George Welsh. In defeat he seemed to be all that Navy had, completing 10 of 19 passes for 126 yards and the only Navy touchdown. But when his two best receivers, Ends Tom Hyde and John Kanuch, were injured early in the game, there wasn't much that he could do.

Instead, the star of the show was Tulane's Richie Pettibon, who scored both Greenie touchdowns, ran 88

THE PLAY AND HOW IT WORKED



NORTHWESTERN SCORED fifth touchdown on 34-yard run off this strong-side power play, executed by second-string backfield. With line unbalanced to left, Quarterback Chip Holcomb (24) takes ball from center, spins and makes simple handoff to

Halfback Sam Johnson (42). Guard Pete Arena (73) pulls out and leads play off tackle, blocking right linebacker. Guard Joe Abbatiello (80) and Tackle Andy Cvercko (78) move defensive guard in. Tackle Gene Gossage (72) and End Elbert

Kimbrough (86) move tackle out. Fullback Mark Johnston (17) handles charging end and Halfback Al Kimbrough (12) swings wide to block defensive halfback. Johnson, with ball, cuts through hole between tackles and heads for sideline.



SIDELINE CAMERA catches the play as it actually occurred. In picture at left John-



son (42), Wildcat halfback, takes handoff from Holcomb (24) as Guard Arena (73)

leads interference. In picture at the right Johnson is off for TD against Wolverines.

yards in 18 carries, thus gaining nine more yards than the entire Navy running attack, and handled his team with a polished style. An extremely dangerous passer in Tulane's earlier luckless losses to four good teams—Florida, Texas, Georgia Tech and Mississippi—Petithen stuck to the ground on Saturday, throwing just enough to confuse Navy's defense.

Auburn, which doesn't allow the opposition to score very often, frequently doesn't score very much itself. For almost two seasons a lot of

people have been waiting for the day when unbeaten and untied Auburn would not score quite enough. It finally happened Saturday against Georgia Tech.

Tech's Bobby Dodd worked even harder than usual to perfect his pass defense for this game and then saw it pay off when Fred Braselton picked off an Auburn aerial and ran it back to set up the touchdown which he scored a few moments later. It was the only threat by Tech, which battled all afternoon long to hold a su-

perior Auburn team away from its goal and managed to do so through frequent use of the quick kick, which is Dodd's defensive stock in trade. Auburn has a huge, fast line that would do credit to a pro team, and with this advantage it used its power-running backfield to control the ball most of the time. It is a tribute to Dodd's coaching skill and the determination of the Tech players that Auburn scored only once. This time one touchdown wasn't enough, and Tech had its T-T tie. **END**

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

Photographs by Jerry Cooke



IN MOSCOW CONTRAST to a typical Hollywood mother, Tanya's parent, forbidden to superintend her young daughter's career beyond stage door, takes up her lonely, restricted vigil in an anteroom of Young Pioneers stadium, under the stern gaze of Nikita Khrushchev. Sign on closed doors warns: "Keep out during practice"



LIKE CHART, WOULD BE MATCHMAKERS

THE STATE

DURING Moscow's chill winters, almost everybody skates, but up to now no Muscovite has skated well enough to make much of a showing in international figure skating. The small morsel of femininity shown in these pictures represents a Soviet hope on ice. The 12-year-old daughter of a state map maker important enough to rate one of Moscow's better apartments, lissome Tanya Niemi-zova is considered by her teachers far and away the most promising of some 300 youngsters in the Soviet capital's most important school of figure skating.

Under the tutelage of veteran Russian skater Granatkin, 10 times pairs champion of the U.S.S.R., Tanya



AT STILLMAN'S GYM, SOVIET ENTERTAINMENT COMMISSION GLUMLY APPRAISES TANYA'S TALENTS AS A PEOPLE'S REPRESENTATIVE

ON NEW ICE

WITH PIQUANT GRADE Russia's future contender for the skating crown of Carol Heiss goes through her paces on ice and dance floor with fellow Soviet hopefuls.

spends 12 full hours of every week practicing her figures at the rink in the Stadium of the Young Pioneers, Moscow's chief headquarters for junior sports. In addition, she goes to ballet practice twice a week to keep her muscles limber and studies music at home to perfect her sense of rhythm. Besides all this she goes to school every day from 8:30 to 2 o'clock.

Young Tanya fell in love with figure skating at the age of 5 when she saw it on the TV screen. She's been at it ever since. A bashful schoolgirl off the ice, she achieves the dignity of a mature artist when she does her skates and puts into her figures more than a little of the moody beauty that made Russia's ballerinas great.





SWEEPING END, with Nancy Roberts leading the interference, is Ginny Dunn of Columbus Junction, Iowa and Delta Gamma.

LINE HOLDS stoutly as Nancy Roberts loses a long pass. Adhesive tape designs on jeans are Greek letters delta, gamma.





KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA pass is broken up. There were no injuries, but sore muscles altered quite a few feminine pats.

COED FOOTBALL, IOWA STYLE

Photographs by Robert Malone

AT the University of Iowa they have been playing tough, traditional, organization-man football for 69 years, and Saturday their organization men won, upsetting Wisconsin 20-9 (see page 14). A few days before, the disorganization girls of Iowa had their day too. Their game is officially called the Powder Bowl, but the traveling trophy is a gleaming black toilet seat. The Powder Bowl has little tradition, but it's demanding just the same. The contestants are the girls from Kappa Kappa Gamma and Delta Gamma sororities. They were coached by apprehensive brothers of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity who also provided the officiating and the half-time entertainment.

With plays that ran only to the right and a fine display of blocking and tackling (the game is supposed to be touch, but . . .) Delta won 12-6 to retain the seat. Voted MVP was Nancy Roberts, a blonde nursing student from Santa Monica, Calif., who called signals, including a shift where everyone swapped positions, confounded the enemy with deft ball handling on reverses and did all the passing—did it left-handed, too. Now, if the organization men's coach, Forest Evashevski, only had a pretty left-handed quarterback, too. . . .



POSTGAME coffee is served to Barbara Steedman, West Des Moines. The blonde, men, is Marsha Sellend of Fargo, N.D.

'THE JOY IS GONE, AND I AM TIRED'

IN THE GREAT YEARS which brought him triumph and fame on four continents, Juan Manuel Fangio husbanded his speech as carefully as he did his unique driving talent. Journalists found him gracious, unduly modest about the feats which won five world driving championships for him and bafflingly vague about his private thoughts.

Last week, confirming his long-apparent but unofficial retirement from racing, Fangio finally let down his hair. Relaxing in one of his Buenos Aires service stations, The Master, now 47, spoke candidly and with Latin intensity.

"I will never race again in the rest of my years," he said. "Champions, actors and dictators should always retire when they are at the top. But not many realize when they have reached the peak and the road ahead can lead downward only.

"Several factors prompted my decision, but above all this one: the exhilaration of racing a smooth-running car and the challenge of keeping in the lead had become drudgery—a constant effort and worry to give the people who entrusted me with their cars and money the returns they expected. The joy of the first years became mere fatigue. My body is tired, and my spirit as well.

"They were the most exciting years of my life. When I first started I never dreamed I could achieve so much.

Each time we cut the finish line first it was a surprise for me. I say *we* and I mean the car and I, because I never considered the car as an instrument to achieve an end but as part of myself or better. At Reims in 1948, when I had to quit because my gas tank was ripped, I felt as if my own flesh was wounded. This feeling of oneness with the car and the fact that I always had luck in getting the best to drive made me a champion—far more than snappy gearshifting, lightness of touch on the steering wheel or daring curve-cutting."

Flashing one of his rare smiles, Fangio talked on:

"If I could offer the younger generation any advice, I would say, 'Never think of your car as a cold machine but as a hot-blooded horse, racing with the rider in one beautiful, harmonious unit.' As for me now, the rider has grown older and more blasé than the horse.

"But enthusiasm is not the only thing I lost. I lost my family, too. We race drivers may compete on the track, but between races we are like a big, happy family. Day in and day out, season after season, year after year, we sleep in the same hotels, eat in the same restaurants, rub elbows in the pits, sit for hours talking shop at the same bars.

"Now my family is gone. In 10 years 20 of my racing comrades have died behind the wheel. Our reunions

AS A CHAMPION, he was the envy and despair of his opponents, The Master.

IN THE GREAT YEARS: DRIVING A MERCEDES TO A WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP . . . UNWINDING AND TALKING SHOP BETWEEN RACE DAYS.



nowadays look like gatherings of war veterans who try but cannot forget those who never came back. What is left? Money? I was born the poor son of an illiterate immigrant and now I have more money than I can use. The exhilaration of coming in first? The intoxication of cheering crowds? Until today I came in first. Tomorrow I could easily be second, then third and eventually last.

"As for the cheering crowds, I never heard them. When I race the only thing I can hear is the purring of my engine, the only thing I can see is my manager's signal from the pits. When it is over my desire is to hurry home, wash and forget all about it. The only rewarding feeling comes the day afterward, when you think over, recall and treasure each moment of trial and victory.

"When I made up my mind that this was to be my last racing year, I thought I would close with something I never did before—racing at Indianapolis. I went there and tried the track and the car assigned me, but there was no room for imagination or style. I gave up and decided that Reims, where I started in Europe, was perhaps a less glamorous but more fitting closing point for my career.

"The cycle is completed. All the great ones are gone, one way or another. It is my turn, and I trust my example will encourage the few of the old guard who remain to quit and make way for the younger drivers. To come in second behind an Ascari or a Fangio is still a triumph, but to come in second behind an unknown beginner because his young reflexes are quicker or his inexperience pushes him to take unnecessary risks can be tough for an aging champion. It will not happen to me."

—PIERO Saporiti

FANGIO GESTURES WITH LATIN WARMTH



AS RACING'S NEW ELDER STATESMAN, Fangio advises novices: "Think of your car as a hot-blooded horse, racing with the rider in a beautiful, harmonious unit."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Oedipus at Half Time

OLDTIMERS, used to a good brassy rendition of *Old Nassau* between the halves, with plenty of sis-boom-bah to give it spirit, may have been somewhat mystified as the Princeton band took over the grass at Palmer Stadium during half time last week. Our own representative, a graybeard pushing 30, was forced to admit that the intermission at football games was never like this in his day. Nevertheless, *astres lemps, astres meurs!* Today even the arid author of *The Wasteland*, who taught us all the lesson of futility, has taken to himself a young love and new hope; and if T.S. Eliot can change, why can't we all?

At any rate, while the gridiron Tigers rested from mauling Colgate, the band put on what seemed to be a satire of documentary TV by Evelyn Waugh out of John Philip Sousa. First they formed themselves into the outline of a Trojan Horse while a sepulchral voice recounted Homeric legend. Then the band struck up *The Old Gray Mare*. Following this, an announcer droned on about the sinking of the *Titanic*. The marchers

formed a ship while their instruments blared *Ros, Ros, Ros Your Boat*.

As a climax the band formed itself into a huge pulsing heart, and the announcer proclaimed: "It is 957 B.C. Oedipus, King of Thebes, is groping his way outside his palace."

The music? *I Want a Girl, Just Like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad*.

Well, it's a nervous business in these changing times, but we promise that we will keep right on watching, and reporting to you, such further fall trends as we spot them.

Sea-god's Subtlety

ON first reading the news, it seemed the final indignity. It was not enough to be hopelessly outpointed in every kind of wind and weather off Newport, not enough to be the object of scorn and ridicule by news writers and cartoonists on both sides of the Atlantic—now Britain's poor, graceful, ineffectual *Septre* (she was the other boat, you remember, in those cup races) had got her bottom stove in on the deck of a clumsy

freighter during a storm at sea on her way back to England.

Oh, Father Neptune, we cried, how could you? But then we paused. That old god of the sea is no fool, we reflected, and *Septre's* bottom—bulgy, plump and round as a yearling babe's—was certainly not her best feature. For many a long year Britannia and Neptune ruled the waves together. Was the old sea-god, we wondered, trying to say something to his longtime partner?

Now that *Septre* is going to need some hull surgery anyway . . . we hope Britons get the message.

Dollars Fluttering Down

SIZEWISE, as the swells say, Texas has come a cropper with the admission of Alaska. But moneywise, boy, Texas is still right in there. And like snowflakes on Point Barrow, the dollars fluttered down on the Cotton Bowl for the Texas-Oklahoma game. When it was all raked up, a sell-out crowd had made it possible for the two universities to trundle off \$130,000 each.

Does that prove anything? It proves, for one thing, that it is a seller's market all the way in Dallas. Despite rising costs, the annual UT-OU game, played equidistantly between Austin and Norman, has been a 75,000-seat sellout every year since 1946. And when there was only \$120,000 left over for each team last year, they just jacked up the \$4 tickets to \$4.50 tickets this year. "Why," said an official of UT, "we made more the other day than we did in four games combined last year." And he added it was a right nice thing to have, too. Not subsidized by the state, the Texas athletic department will use its share to support 21% of the whole athletic program this year, and that covers

They Said It

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, asked about his favorite sports: "There are three that I like all for the same reason—golf, fishing and shooting—because they take you into the fields. . . . They induce you to take at any one time two or three hours, where you are thinking of the bird or that ball or the wily trout. Now, to my mind, it is a very healthful, beneficial kind of thing, and I do it whenever I get a chance, as you well know."

SVENN ARSÆLSSON OF ICELAND, on the weather at St. Andrews during the World Amateur Golf Championship: "It's much colder in Scotland than it is in Iceland." **CHARLEY COE OF OKLAHOMA**: "The quartering wind behind me reminded me of the Dust Bowl back home." **RAYMOND OFFENHEIMER**, Great Britain's chief team selector, speaking with proud satisfaction: "The old lady—the Old Course—is showing her teeth."

the IBC is a monopoly and must divest itself of one of its two network shows, among other things. If the court supports Judge Ryan, competition will be established in home TV for the first time. The way will then be open for some promoter not connected with the IBC to take over one of the network shows.

It is no longer a secret that D'Amato, who has preached competition for years, would instantly make Patterson available to the independent promoter for perhaps as many as three home TV championship fights a year, in addition to theater TV appearances. Patterson could actually become one of the most active heavy-

weight titleholders in history. D'Amato would also turn loose his very competent but presently buried stable, which may include two more future champions in the persons of Middleweight Jose Torres and Welterweight Joey (Buzz) Shaw. Other managers, now subservient to the IBC solely because it is the only wheel in town, would follow him.

Until the court's decision, then, D'Amato is not likely to be enticed into situations which would give aid and comfort to the IBC.

He is, of course, gambling for enormous stakes and he is gambling not only his own welfare but his fighter's. Even though a prizefighter by his

very nature is a gambler, this fact gives D'Amato's firmest supporters pause. What if idleness so dulls Patterson that he cannot get out of the way of Ingemar Johansson's powerful rights when they meet next spring?

"When Patterson gets into that ring next time," D'Amato says with all the assurance in the world, "he will be prepared to give the kind of exhibition that is expected of him."

Well, perhaps. But Oliver Cromwell, a doughty man, too, once offered advice that Cus might heed. On the eve of his conquest of Scotland, Cromwell offered the Scots arguments and terms for peaceful surrender, with the alternative of bloody

WASHINGTON ASKS FOR ADVICE

SOME 120 WEEKS AGO, to the widespread satisfaction of his countrymen, President Eisenhower took the first steps to establish a federally directed program for youth fitness. Two key groups were set up: 1) the President's Council on Youth Fitness, a compact Washington-headquarters agency of five Cabinet officers, originally headed by Vice-President Nixon and thereafter by Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, and 2) a 129-member Citizens Advisory Committee, drawing on the skills and civic-mindedness of distinguished men and women across the country.

For two years the Council, in the words of its executive director, Shane MacCarthy, has been serving as "a catalytic agent" to encourage the existing fitness programs of the cities and towns of America; the results of its "crusade"—much of it a one-man traveling and speaking program by Shane MacCarthy—have thus far been hard to measure.

How should the President's Fitness Council blueprint its future course?

The Council last month called the Citizens Advisory Committee into annual session at Fort Ritchie, Maryland to ask advice. Some 97 citizen advisers paid their own way from all over the U.S. to attend. Moreover, they did their job and did it well. The record of their meetings, and the sub-

stance of their advice, has just been published in a document addressed to the President of the United States entitled *Fitness of American Youth*. It is well worth the attention of the President and of other Americans who care specifically about the "physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual strength of this country's youth," and it is also a document worthy of careful study by those who may have some haunting doubts about whether a citizens advisory committee can ever pierce the protective hide of bureaucracy.

Among the citizen advisers present were such men and women as Harry Bullis, board chairman of General Mills; Carter Burgess, president of American Machine and Foundry; Philip E. Ryan, executive director of the National Health Council; V. J. Skutt, board chairman of Mutual of Omaha; Biggie Munn, athletic director at Michigan State; and Dorothy B. Tuaffe, president of the American Recreation Society. But perhaps the key figure was the new chairman of the President's Advisory Committee, a 45-year-old Kansas City foundation executive named Homer Wadsworth, who collected the facts and recommendations from 18 discussion groups and summarized them with brilliant force and candor for Secretary Seaton, Shane MacCarthy and the other Washington figures present.

Here are the high points of the advice the President's advisers have just passed on to him:

●The President was right to establish a Council on Youth Fitness ("The problem is here and now"). The Council's job is to alert the nation to a concern for youth fitness and to serve as a clearinghouse for information—its job is not to "control" local or state programs for youth fitness nor "to develop an additional branch of the federal government."

●But the President's Council should do more than it has done so far to show communities, states, business corporations and welfare agencies how to increase, and increasingly knit, their efforts for youth fitness.

●This means learning more than the President's Council now knows about the scope and value of the fitness work now being carried out across the country. It does not—and the President's advisers emphasize this—mean setting up the sort of overblown "research study" to which government bureaus are notably addicted. Let the Council pull together existing knowledge. "This group," said Wadsworth, "believes we had better take some of our research and use it." But new data to measure fitness should be dug for where needed.

And then Wadsworth and his fellow citizen advisers got even more

defeat. The Scots temporized. A reverent man, but outspoken, Cromwell tried again.

"I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ," he said, "think it possible you may be mistaken."

In the Bag

THE SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR, insofar as the Tea Council of the U.S.A. is concerned, is Bill Skowron. He is, says the council, because of the enormous quantities of tea that sluice down his throat every day. And he is, the council adds in perhaps a subaltern thought, because of his "outstanding performance as sportsman

and athlete and for his exemplary standards in physical training." The award, the first such signal appointment by the tea people, went to the Yankee first baseman a few days before the World Series. Skowron's three-run homer in the seventh game, you better believe it, bothered the Tea Council not a jot.

The council elected a sportsman of the year to help dispel a common (but unworthy) notion that tea drinkers are either Englishmen or people who waggle little fingers while sipping. But first they made a list. Archie Moore drinks tea, and he was on the list. But Archie, in his "abominable diet," also drinks raw eggs

whipped up in orange juice, which made his credentials a little oddball. Floyd Patterson drinks tea, but Floyd is an Arthur Godfrey fan, and Arthur's selling coffee nowadays. Johnny Podres and Clem Labine drink tea in the National League, and Don Larsen and Enos Slaughter drink it in the American. Bill Sharman of the Boston Celtics drinks tea, and Ron Delany does too, for that matter. But Bill Skowron not only drinks tea, he made a 250-station radio broadcast to that effect last spring. Bill was a shoo-in when the ballots were totted up.

Bill drinks loose tea or tea in bags
continued

AND GETS IT

speeific and pointed. They suggested, for example:

That a work kit of positive suggestions be developed by the Council (with the help of outside experts) and sent to local communities.

That a systematic public relations program be presented to the people of the U.S. regarding the program of the Council and the President's Advisory Committee. "Here a caution is imposed. You can't deliver to people what you haven't got." With the edge of an edge in its tone, the citizens group recommended that "the Council develop and issue a clear statement regarding its aims and purposes, the scope of its activities and the resources it has available."

That representative young people themselves be added to the President's Advisory Committee.

That an executive committee be created, from the membership of the President's fitness advisers, so that his advisers can act more than once a year. Wadsworth turned to Interior Secretary Seaton: "Here you will recognize our candor, Mr. Secretary. It is suggested that, to the limit possible, members of the Council (the Cabinet officers) come in and have a working part in the future sessions of the President's Advisory Committee, sitting arm in arm with us, looking at the problems as we look at them. . . . This is perhaps a pious hope, but I

think that when you consider the sacrifice made by all in attendance here you will appreciate the spirit in which this suggestion is offered."

As if recognizing that it is almost impossible to discuss government programs, President's Councils and President's Advisory Committees without bogging down into business-and-government English, Chairman Wadsworth did his best to say what he, as one American, wants for his own children (he and his wife have seven): "What I want for my children I want for all other children and youth in America—a decent home in a decently arranged and stable neighborhood; the opportunity to acquire that kind of liberal education which will best equip them for the responsibilities of citizenship and enlighten their ultimate vocational practice; the protection of soundly conceived and well-administered community services, including those activities designed to promote healthy physical growth and development and the acquisition of modest skill in the constructive arts of leisure. . . .

"This is a great deal to hope for. Yet it is within our grasp as we measure our knowledge and consider our resources."

His advisers described President Eisenhower's interest in fitness as the source of the drive's inspiration. They added: "We hope that the President will be able to lend his voice and his assistance as we attempt to go forward."

Before they adjourned, the advisers made a strong bid for quick action.



WADSWORTH SPEAKS FOR THE CITIZENS

They asked Secretary Seaton and Shane MacCarthy to publish their advice and present it to the President within 30 days. Seaton and MacCarthy have done so, and the document entitled *Fitness of American Youth* is the excellent result.

And in 30 days more, the advising citizens said, they would like to have the reaction of the President and his Council to their advice. Thus, in 30 more days, the Citizens Advisory Committee will know how truly effective a citizen group can be.

END

that look like first-base sacks. He drinks it (sometimes with sugar, sometimes with lemon, sometimes with both, never with cream) at the rate of four cups for lunch, four cups for supper, two cups at bedtime and three cups in the locker room before games. "It helps me to relax," he says. "Tea supplies a lift for athletes," says Jerry Sherman, the PR man for the Tea Council of the U.S.A. "And it's not followed by the depression that comes with—well, with that other beverage." Bill Skowron says he drinks that other beverage at breakfast. He does not drink intoxicants except for celebrations. He says he helped himself to champagne on the flight back from Milwaukee the other day.

The sportsman-of-the-year presentation was made to Bill at New York's Waldorf-Astoria during the National Food Editors conference. About 150 women were present, and everybody was drinking a heady brew of Ceylonese, Indian and Indonesian tea leaves. "I had never talked to so many women before," said Bill, "and I was pretty nervous." "Let's go into the bar first for a minute," said Jerry Sherman. "I don't mind if I do," said Bill, and he ordered a ginger ale. Bill was still nervous, so he returned to the conference and had a cup of tea. Then he had another. And another. And another. Bill was beaming when presentation time rolled around. "I

certainly am honored to be here . . ." he was saying, and he was the picture of lift and relaxation not followed by depression.

Test of a Taunt

From the past month, nine variously qualified individuals have been trying with 16-ounce gloves, for the lure of many prizes, to analyze the old taunt: he couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. And they've been trying manfully, pragmatically, in the full view of millions of housewives on a TV show called *County Fair* (NBC, 4:30-5 EDT); that is, the bag's in full view, the individuals are battling unseen within. As we go to press, these have failed and failed: Halfback Frank Gifford; Actor Jacques Bergerac; Welterweight Tony Di Biase; Columnist Earl Wilson; former Heavyweight Champion James J. Braddock; Actor Richard Coogan and three husky volunteers from the studio audience.

The bag is as big as a telephone booth and is made of six-ply paper. The *County Fair* people contend that the bag is made of the same stuff as cement, flour, feed and fertilizer bags. "And we use a fresh bag each time, yes, sir," said a bright-eyed *County Fair* assistant. Back in the days when *County Fair* was a radio show the paper barrier was broken. But it took four inspired hands churn-

ing in concert to do it. "A boney-moon couple," said the assistant reverently. "Skinny little people, too."

The last man to fail was Coogan, who portrays an upright marshal on a TV western called *The Californians*. "I'm the slowest draw in the world," Coogan said last week, fondling his .44. Coogan weighs 193 pounds, stands 6 foot 3 and is handsome to a fare-thee-well. "I was a terrible after-school scrapper in Madison, N.J.," he said as he was stripped of boots, jacket and gun belt.

"Gifford hit harder than anybody," the assistant told Coogan. "His reactions are fantastic and he timed his punches. I thought that old bag had had it; the seams were going. This is not an impossible thing, Dick. The boneymooners did it—skinny little people."

Coogan was loaded into the bag feet first, and several husky volunteers from the studio crew erected it. "You're on your own equilibrium, Dick," the assistant whispered. A bell clanged, and Coogan punched away with both hands—short, digging hooks. The bag and Coogan toppled over. He was gently extracted and handed back his boots, jacket and gun belt.

"I was fighting to stay upright," said Coogan glumly. "If that thing didn't go over, I think I might have gone through it. But, what the hell, it's impossible. I got a lousy agent."

An Old Man at Autumn Remembers the Sea South of No Mans Land, Mass.

Was an hundred and two years old;
sat in a cherrywood chair far from water,
hearing, in the windings of his ears,
gulls weeping in the asylum of the air.
Remembered now other evenings returning
south of No Mans where the broadbill breaches,
shaking the bottom from his bronze blade,
and the marlin—dark, Arable tail and fin, mean beak
and ambiguous eye—runs the bait before him like a
silver chain.

Soon winter, when swallows, following legend,
slept in lake bottoms, and only the enginous owl flew,
soft as breath.

Had seen a mezzotint once: reindeer; farther north
where herds steamed and boomed over the narrowing
world.

In the ruinous orchard his great-grandson stood,
neglecting leaves,
cleaving the windfall apples with a five-iron toward the

orange hill;
could smell the sour chards.
Wished he was beyond hill, smoke, fallen apples,
south of No Mans now on the steep, cold marches of
the sea.

in the dory with the iron and the keg,
and the swordfish: his mild, blue eye.
His great-grandson lifted him from his chair, light as
grasses,

and laid him out in his small, white room.
Was not asleep, was not worth being awake.
Lay there beneath the quilt and no bird sang but a hawk
which whistled, floating near like a tired swimmer in
the air.

How many years? he'd seen five herons flying, tidal
birds,
legs trailing like sweet-water roots south of No Mans;
out of place, these, too.

—GILBERT ROGIN



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PREVIEW

ROUNDBALL BOUNCES BACK

Led by the World Champion St. Louis Hawks, professional basketball moves to center stage for its biggest year, with a flock of talented rookies to stimulate competition

by JEREMIAH TAX

A few months ago, Ben Kerner, the owner of the St. Louis Hawks of the National Basketball Association, loaned the city of St. Louis \$30,000 to refurbish Kael Municipal Auditorium, where the Hawks play their home games. Not that the city was strapped, you understand, but such funds were not available at the time.

It was, admittedly, one of the year's minor financial transactions—but though small in sum, it was large in substance. Half a dozen years ago, the effervescent Mr. Kerner (he weeps, shudders, cheers and groans at games) would have been hard put to find 30 free and clear dollars for lending purposes. His current prosperity is a sample of the surging fortunes of professional basketball. And the NBA opens its 13th season this week with every prospect that it will play to its greatest audience ever—the Hawks, for example, have been sold out of season tickets for two months. This year, too, more than 90% of the Americans who own tele-

vision sets will be able to follow the pros. On 30 Sunday afternoons NBC will telecast, live, a Game-of-the-Week over 140-odd stations in its network (see COMING EVENTS for schedule). Last Sunday, in the first of these televised presentations and the official league opener, Syracuse beat Detroit 103 to 94.

After due credit is given wise promotion, it is still true that the pre-eminent cause of this popularity is the game itself. Basketball, the way the pros play it, is an engrossing display of grace, finesse and power. Those three words leap to mind instantly at the sight, for example, of the Boston Celtics bringing the ball upcourt on one of their explosive fast breaks. Or of the Hawks' Bob Pettit, as he weaves, wheels, feints and forces his way relentlessly toward the basket. This is the human body in purposeful action, in economy of motion, a sight to gratify the eye of anyone with an instinct for sport.

The NBA cast of Cousy, Pettit, Russell, McGuire et al., that has performed so stirringly for several years now, offers some new faces this season, though the 10-player limit for each team makes this an extremely difficult league to crash. Guy Rod-

gers brings to Philadelphia the closest approach to Cousy's deceptive ball handling the game has yet seen. Minneapolis, a team that has desperately needed one bright star around whom it could rebuild to former greatness, now has him in Elgin Baylor. This is one of the few men in basketball history who can play every position on the floor, and not just creditably. His shooting is often unbelievable; given room just a step past the center line, he will get the ball off with the barest of warning and marvelous accuracy. There are going to be nights when Baylor, like Bob Pettit, will not be stopped, not even by Bill Russell—which will be quite a sight.

Si Green at Cincinnati, Connie Dierking at Syracuse and Mike Farmer at New York also have the major league talent necessary for playing in this company. They will be welcomed by fans, of course, but hardly by the players. The statement is not made facetiously; the old pros in the NBA are a prideful lot, in love with their game and seldom impressed by a newcomer's qualifications. Talk to such as Bill Sharman, 31 years old, facing for the eighth successive year a grueling 72-game schedule that frequently calls for four one-night stands in one week in four widely separated cities. Sharman is straining at the leash; no mere college All-America is going to beat him out of a job. And this—the furious competition at the highest level of playing skill—is the real reason why professional basketball is such a great game.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

GHOSTLY STREAMERS of light trail layout by Cliff Hagan (16) and followup by Ed Macnulty (20) and Mod Park (17).

FOR TEAM SCOUTING REPORTS TURN TO PAGE 58

WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?

The song the sentimental Scots sang to their old hero, Bobby Jones, summed up feelings about the first World Amateur Golf Championship. It was an unqualified success

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

ST. ANDREWS, the old gray town which is the cradle of the game of golf, is tucked away on the peninsula of Fifeshire on the cold eastern coast of Scotland where the Tay estuary flows into the North Sea. It is not an easy place to get to even for Scots. To reach it from London necessitates an overnight sleeper jump plus a short transfer. And, of course, for travelers coming from other continents, it seems (and it is) terribly remote even in an age that is entering on jet air transport. However, in the second week of October the broad streets and the narrow wynds of St. Andrews and the famous links below them were peopled with golfers from all over the world, many of them from places as

far away as Malaya and Argentina and South Africa. The occasion was the first World Amateur Golf Championships, and St. Andrews, because of what it is, was the logical venue for this bright venture into a new era in international golf.

All in all, 29 nations (represented by four-man teams) took part in the championship, ranging from such populous and long-established golfing powers as Great Britain and Ireland (who fielded a composite team) and the United States, down through such comparatively new golf countries as Iceland and Brazil. The format of the championship is somewhat involved but essentially works like this: each day each country arrives at its total



ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUBHOUSE IS

by adding up the three lowest rounds of its four players; each country's grand total for the 72-hole tournament is the sum of its daily three-man totals for the four days of play. The winner (and first recipient of the Eisenhower Trophy) was Australia, which beat the U.S. in a playoff after the two had tied. Only one stroke behind their first-place total of 918 was the Great Britain-Ireland team, which led after the first two rounds; and in fourth place, only three strokes behind, was a surprising New Zealand team, which on the third day had put together rounds of 72, 76 and 77 (for a day's total of 225) to bolt into the lead by three strokes over the United States and four over Great Britain-Ireland and Australia.

The playoff between the Australians and Americans took place on Monday the 13th, two days after the finish of the tournament proper, since no golf is permitted on the Old Course on Sundays. The weather was much more benign than it had been, and the Australian team took full advantage of it. Their winning score of 222, two

BOB JONES, IN CART, WATCHES PLAY WITH SWEATERED U.S. STAR BILL HYNDMAN





IN THE BACKGROUND (LEFT) AS A WEATHERPROOFED SCOTS CROWD WATCHES THREESOME APPROACH NOTORIOUS 17TH GREEN

shots lower than the Americans could manage, was a compound of a 75 by Peter Toogood, another 75 by the team captain, Bob Stevens, and a really remarkable 72 by young Bruce Devlin, who came sweeping home with eight consecutive 4s and then added a birdie 3 on the last hole. (Doug Bachli, the fourth member of the Australian team, had a 78, which did not figure in the scoring.) Devlin was playing in the second of the four twosomes; though his final birdie was extremely important, it was another birdie 3 on the home hole, registered some five minutes later by Bob Stevens, playing in the third twosome, which was the critical blow. As Stevens was preparing to putt his seven-footer on the 18th, Billy Joe Patton was standing by on the edge of that green, waiting for a crack at the slightly shorter putt he had for his birdie, and on the 17th green Charley Coe, playing in the last twosome, was about to putt the 10-footer he needed for his 4. Stevens holed and both Patton and Coe missed, but had it been the other way around, the United

States would have won by one shot—the contest was that close and that hard fought right down to the wire. Coe finished with a 73, Patton with a 75, Bud Taylor with a 76, and Bill Hyndman, whose score did not enter into the figuring, with a 78.

The Australian victory was well earned and extremely well deserved. From tee to green in the playoff they produced very steady stuff, and on the greens they were a little more sure of themselves than the Americans. In the final analysis the putting made the difference, but then it usually does, and all credit goes to the quietly determined young men from Australia who traveled 11,000 miles to play in the championship, held their purpose after they had got off to a very rocky start on the first day of play and reached their peak in the playoff.

It was a hard tournament, however, for the American team to lose, not only because of their first-class job in Monday's playoff but also because of the storybook finish they had made on Saturday to tie the Aus-

tralian team and so set up the playoff.

On that Saturday, the fourth and final day of the tournament proper, with only one threesome still out on the course, the chances of the American team seemed slim indeed. Bud Taylor, Billy Joe Patton and Charley Coe had brought in a 78, a 79 and a 78, respectively, for a temporary team total of 235, a full eight shots higher than the completed Australian aggregate. Playing in the last threesome were Eddie McDougall of New Zealand, Guy Wolstenholme of Britain and Bill Hyndman of the United States. How McDougall finished was not really important—the other members of the New Zealand team had posted such high scores that they were almost definitely out of contention. However, there was enormous pressure on both Wolstenholme and Hyndman. When all the arithmetic was boiled down it came to this: if Wolstenholme could come in with a 76 Great Britain and Ireland would finish in a tie with Australia. (Wolstenholme just missed, though his

continued on page 82

A VERY RICH QUALITY

Unlike some runnings of the richest race, this year's

Garden State sends the best for a conclusive test

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE FINEST aspect of the sixth Garden State, that mile-and-a-sixteenth test for 2-year-olds which comes up again in New Jersey this week, is that in a year that seems to have produced an uncommon number of truly qualified runners the four best ones (prepared on the opposite page) may all start. Only Claiborne Farm's Dunce, who may well be better than any of them next year, is missing from this all-star lineup.

Oddly enough, despite the presence of the cream of the crop The Garden State would not have merited such importance now had not the first meeting of this quartet—in Belmont's Champagne Stakes two weeks ago—failed so utterly to settle the matter of supremacy. In that inconclusive scramble First Landing was virtually handed the victory because Tomy Lee bolted and took Intentionally out of the race with him. A major rematch was positively in order.

On the basis of what this quartet has already done, the two standouts have to be First Landing and Tomy Lee, both of whom have lost but once each. Intentionally could be a very good one, too, and his victory over First Landing in the Belmont Futurity could under no circumstances come under the heading of a fluke. True, First Landing may not be the sort who willingly puts forth his best effort while running down the Widener Chute, but when Intentionally came back to run another fine race in the Champagne (before being fouled by Tomy Lee) it showed that he is a colt with both the gameness and ability to run with the best of them. As for Restless Wind, he seems to have

tailed off since his summer successes at Arlington, finishing fourth in the Champagne and getting tripped by long shot Rico Tesio in one division of last Saturday's Garden State prep. First Landing, incidentally, won the other division in his first attempt to go a mile and a sixteenth, and his time of 1:44 3/5 was considerably better than Rico Tesio's 1:45 4/5.

In the Champagne, Tomy Lee made his first appearance in the East after an undefeated career in California. Whether it was an instinctive revolt against an unfamiliar rider (he was being ridden by Bill Hartack for the first time) or something bothering his left foreleg no one will ever really know, but Tomy Lee from the start tried to bolt. And at the half-mile pole he succeeded, swerving sharply and dangerously to the outside and taking Intentionally out with him. Of course, what this meant was that Arcaro, on First Landing, found a gaping hole in front of him on the inside, and in order to take advantage of this unexpected break he had to make his move fully a quarter of a mile before he wanted to. Tomy Lee and Intentionally, clanking into each other all the way around the turn like a couple of polo ponies riding each other off, finally set sail after First Landing in the stretch and, considering the extra yardage they had traveled (not to mention the disturbing effects that physical contact must have had on them), they both put in remarkable races even to have finished in the money. Then again, First Landing might have won by many lengths had not Arcaro's saddle turned with him in the stretch, putting Eddie

into such an awkward riding position that his mount went off stride and at one point did all but stop and chuck the whole business. All in all, the Champagne was an inconclusive disappointment and a race which obviously necessitated another meeting under less trying conditions. This week Tomy Lee will have Willie Shoemaker, a familiar old friend, back in the saddle, and not the least of Willie's problems will be to see if he can keep Tomy Lee from running off into the parking lot as The Garden State field roars into the first turn almost immediately after the start. As Hartack said the other day, "This is going to be something to see. I pulled my arms out of their sockets trying to get the colt to go around one turn. What's going to happen when they try to get him around two turns?"

If the four leading candidates present a vivid contrast of running habits and noteworthy accomplishments, this contrast is paralleled by four owners hopefully anticipating at Garden State the heftiest track payoff of their respective and varied careers. Two of them, Christopher T. Cheney (First Landing) and Mrs. Richard Lunn (Restless Wind), now call Virginia home and are familiar figures on the national racing scene. Another, Harry Isaacs (Intentionally), is a clothing manufacturer from Baltimore whose Brookfield Farms stable sticks close to the New Jersey circuit. And the fourth, Fred Turner Jr. (Tomy Lee), a regular patron of western racing for over 30 years, is a popular Midland, Texas oilman with a knack for making friends and money—and, unlike some Texans, avoiding publicity whenever possible.

When Chris Cheney, now in his early 70s, isn't in New York attending to his duties as chairman of the board of Southern Natural Gas or to his racing responsibilities as vice-

continued



FIRST LANDING

Bay colt by Turn-to—Hildene, by Bubbling Over

OWNER: Christopher T. Chenery

TRAINER: J. H. Hayes

BREEDER: Owner

RACING RECORD: 10 starts, 2 wins, 1 second. Earnings: \$220,488

RACING RECORD OF SIRE: 2 starts, 2 wins, 1 second, 1 third. Earnings: \$260,022

FARTHEST DISTANCE RACED: 1½ miles (week, 1st 4½, track test)

WHERE COMPETED: Jamaica, Belmont, Saratoga, Garden State

PROBABLE JOCKEY: Eddie Arcore



TOMY LEE

Bay colt by Tudor Minstrel—Auld Alliance, by Brantone

OWNER: Fred Turner Jr.

TRAINER: F. E. Childs

BREEDER: O. H. Wills (England). Colt sold at auction for \$6,782

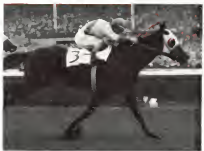
RACING RECORD: 7 starts, 3 wins, 1 third. Earnings: \$164,050

RACING RECORD OF SIRE: 10 starts, 3 wins, 1 second. Earnings: \$66,881

FARTHEST DISTANCE RACED: 1 mile (third, 1:30½, track test)

WHERE COMPETED: Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Del Mar, Belmont

PROBABLE JOCKEY: Willie Shoemaker



INTENTIONALLY

Black colt by Intent—My Recipe, by Discovery

OWNER: Harry E. Isaacs

TRAINER: E. L. Kelly

BREEDER: Owner

RACING RECORD: 2 starts, 1 win, 1 second. Earnings: \$122,282

RACING RECORD OF SIRE: 21 starts, 3 wins, 4 seconds, 3 thirds. Earnings: \$317,778

FARTHEST DISTANCE RACED: 1 mile (second, 1:30½, track test)

WHERE COMPETED: Garden State, Monmouth, Saratoga, Arlington, Atlantic City, Belmont

PROBABLE JOCKEY: Eldon Nelson



RESTLESS WIND

Chestnut colt by Windy City II—Lump Sugar, by Bull Lea

OWNER: Mrs. Richard Lunn

TRAINER: Charles Whittingham

BREEDER: Mrs. Maria A. Moore. Colt sold at auction for \$10,000

RACING RECORD: 13 starts, 7 wins, 2 seconds, 1 third. Earnings: \$211,228

RACING RECORD OF SIRE: 2 starts, 2 wins, 2 seconds. Earnings: \$64,388

FARTHEST DISTANCE RACED: 1½ miles (second, 1:48½, track test)

WHERE COMPETED: Gettysburg, Jamaica, Monmouth, Arlington, Belmont, Garden State

PROBABLE JOCKEY: Manuel Tesoro

president and treasurer of the New York Racing Association, he is likely to be found roaming his 2,000-acre farm at Doswell, Va. With a keen eye for a horse and a solid knowledge of horsemanship, Chenery has earned the respect of racing men everywhere. He has accepted success with gracious modesty, and when a horse in his blue-and-white silks loses he has never yet been known to utter a complaint. In 1950, when his Hill Prince was voted Horse of the Year, it probably occurred to Chenery that he'd never again be so lucky as to have a really top colt. At the time Chenery couldn't be expected to know that in Hildene, Hill Prince's dam, whom Chenery had bought at auction for only \$750, he had acquired one of the most remarkable producing mares of this generation. Hildene gave him Prince Hill, then the good stakes winner Third Brother, and then in 1955 Chenery bred her to Turn-to, winner of the first running of The Garden State and nearly everybody's early favorite for the 1954 Kentucky Derby (a role he justified by winning Hialeah's Flamingo Stakes just before a breakdown brought on permanent retirement to the stud). The mating of Hildene and Turn-to was almost too good to be true: First Landing, who, in the words of Chenery's trainer J. H. (Casey) Hayes, "could be as nice a colt as anybody's seen in a long time. If he doesn't run away and hide from his opposition it's because he has a habit of not putting forth his best effort until some other colt runs up to him. But then, by golly, First Landing will dig in and go as far—and as fast—as he has to."

Oilman Turner and his trainer Frank Childs have the same sort of quiet confidence in Tomy Lee but, being shrewd horsemen with a healthy

respect for eastern competition, they are not going to shout quite yet. The sensible approach, says Childs, is to wait and see. "If we win," says the trainer, "I'll think he's a great horse. If not, we overrated him. The trouble is, you can be terribly fooled bringing a horse East from California. If he has a good record out there, it's only natural that you are going to overestimate him. But we wanted to find out how good he is, and the only way to find out is to come back looking for all the other good ones."

OIL IN THAT HORSE

This natural competitive spirit on the part of Tomy Lee's trainer is also typical of his owner. Fred Turner, one of 11 children, first struck it rich when, as an oil rigger in Midland in the '30s, he discovered how profitable it could be to buy and sell leases at the right time. Now 61, this onetime near neighbor of fellow Horse Owner Ralph Lowe has been described by one of his friends as "quiet, never flashy, big [6 feet 2, 200 pounds], bowlegged, a genius for organization and just as much of a genius at fixing things with his own two hands. He is also probably as rich as any man in Texas." Turner was prepared to go to \$12,000 to acquire Tomy Lee, but the colt was knocked down to him for \$6,672, and since then he's won \$154,010 which, as any oilman knows, is considerably better than a dry hole.

Clothierman Harry Isaacs has not been in the racing game for 30 years the way Fred Turner has, but in a way it's surprising that he's had the perseverance to stay in it at all after a most inauspicious start—four years without a winner. Things had to improve for a man with such uncommon persistency and, sure enough, a few years ago Isaacs came up with a real star, Intent, who made a big name for himself in California, winning, among

others, the Santa Anita Maturity, the San Juan Capistrano and the Santa Anita Handicap (although in this race he was disqualified). Now Intent's son goes after the wealthiest pot of all and, the only one to have beaten First Landing, is qualified to do it again. But it will take his best effort all the way.

Nobody gets more fun out of racing than Restless Wind's delightfully colorful and controversial owner, Mrs. Richard (Liz) Lunn (SI, June 9). This pair may not win The Garden State, but it won't be for lack of an all-out effort on the part of Liz herself and Trainer Charlie Whittingham. The colt, picked up at auction for \$10,000, may not want to go quite this far, and their best chance appears to be to play the waiting (or rating) game and hope the front runners burn themselves out. Then the only horse to worry about would be First Landing, which would be fine by Liz, who has always confidently maintained that Restless Wind was the better of the two anyway.

A number of other colts, obviously, will take a crack at The Garden State, but it would be a major surprise if any of them won it. Among those who may try, however, are Winsome Winner, whose hoofs are somewhat suspect; Crafty Skipper, a real speed colt who was cut up a bit in last week's prep; Roco Tesio, qualified on breeding but short on experience against top class; Sherry Prince, improving all the time; and Black Hills, who could be a sleeper. No matter what any of this crop is ready to show us in the way of improvement next season, the guess now is that First Landing is the best 2-year-old around. In fact, I think he's going to win his title the way every racing championship should be decided: by defeating all the other top colts in the land. **END**

THE OWNERS OF THE TOP FOUR



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'Mr. Horse Show' entertains

**Amory Haskell, distinguished horseman
and a distinguished host, reveals his
favorite recipe: a very special lobster dish**

ON OCTOBER 25, not far from Red Bank, N.J., some 700 people will enjoy box lunches served to them from a tent on the lovely Woodland Farm property of Mr. Amory Haskell. This festivity is an annual thank-you to several hundred farmers and their families, over whose lands the members of the Monmouth County Hunt ride to hounds in season. The date is a very special occasion, for the Monmouth County Hunt Race Meet (five races this year) is held in the afternoon, over one of the prettiest jumping courses in the country, laid out on the Woodland Farm acreage.

Lunch for 700 neighbors is only part of the entertainment provided by Haskell to celebrate the annual steeplechase event which he founded. The night before the meet he plays host at a dance for visiting horse owners, trainers and gentlemen jockeys; he entertains for this group at a large buffet lunch on race day and again, after the races, at a very large "tea."

Presiding over the public activities of horsemen and horsewomen is a role long familiar to Amory Haskell, president of the National Horse Show for eight years and chairman of the board since 1946. A breeder and owner of race horses (he served as president of the Thoroughbred Racing Association in 1954-55), he is responsi-



FAMOUS MARE. Blue Sparkler, 1956 winner of Atlantic City Hurdicap, is shown off by Owner Haskell with her first foal.

ble for the current revival of Monmouth Park race track. And it is greatly due to his efforts to increase purses for owners of jumpers that U.S. steeplechasing and hurdle racing have in recent years made astonishing comebacks. Among a legion of honors bestowed upon the man long identified informally as "Mr. Horse Show" are these present titles: president of the United Hunts Racing Association and steward of the National Steeplechase and Hunts Association.

At home in the New Jersey countryside, Mr. Haskell leads more or less the good life of an English country squire, with horses and hounds, a large rambling house, an excellent cook and a well-ordered household. Twice a week during the hunting season, attired in a green coat, he leads a field of about 50 behind the keen-nosed pack of harriers of the Monmouth County Hunt—hounds which chase foxes here, instead of hare as in England. Two of his married children live in their own houses on the property, and three others come back frequently to visit. He has eight grandchildren and a host of friends. Since his wife's death in 1946 the proprietor of Woodland Farm gives only a few large entertainments, prefers dining with eight or 10 intimates. Like an Englishman, he dons a dinner jacket every night, even when alone.

On the facing page Mr. Haskell is seen being served his favorite dish. This he calls lobster Newburg, though the dish prepared in his kitchen is actually quite unlike that well-known specialty. The directions, as given below, are complicated. But the result proves it to be, in Mr. Haskell's own words, "a recipe out of this world."

LOBSTER A LA HASKELL

Dip approximately 5 pounds of live lobsters in rapidly boiling water for a minute or two only, or until they can be handled easily. Then cut up, removing meat and discarding shells. (This method retains the juices which are lost in the usual boiling process.) Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter in a heavy pan, cook lobster pieces in this slowly for about 10 minutes, then remove them from pan and reserve.

Discard excess butter, pour into pan 4 tablespoons sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy and a scant cup of dry Marsala wine. Let this reduce over the fire for a few minutes. Meanwhile heat one cup of very heavy cream in a double boiler.

Whisk hot wine mixture into hot cream slowly. Dissolve $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour in a little cold water and stir into sauce mixture, cooking slowly 10 minutes to thicken slightly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper. Slightly beat 5 egg yolks, add some of hot sauce to them, then whisk them into the sauce and cook slowly until further thickened (never let this sauce boil after cream is added or it will curdle). Place lobster pieces back in sauce, heat gently and adjust seasoning to individual taste before serving hot on a platter garnished with parsley and tiny pastry puffs. This recipe serves 4.

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PRO FOOTBALL / *Tez Maule*

George and

**Wily George Halas, who almost
invented pro football, leads his
Bears out of hibernation**

THERE COULD not have been a more typical Chicago Bear victory than the one last Sunday. Willie Galimore, a halfback who is harder to hold than an eel in a tub of butter, scored two touchdowns; penalties fell thick as a snowstorm off Lake Michigan; and George Halas, who owns the Bears and employs himself as their head coach, almost precipitated a riot as he got into a pushing contest with a Los Angeles Ram halfback. When it was all over, the Bears had beaten the Rams 31-10 to take over second place all by themselves in the Western Conference.

It was a familiar feast to the eyes of Chicago football fans to find Halas back on the sidelines throwing his tantrums. For this unusual man—so quiet and soft-spoken off the field and so violent on it—is a hero to the home folks and the blackest villain in sport in every other league city. When he is not engrossed with his beloved Bears, Halas is a man whose mild blue eyes peer pleasantly through half-steel-rimmed glasses

LOOKING LIKE a banker in coach's clothing, the Bears' coach, George Halas, gives



his dragons

and who dresses and acts much like the president of a friendly small-town bank. He has the same paternal interest in his players that a small-town banker has in his depositors. But when the Bears trot out on the field, Halas shucks his mild manner to race up and down the sidelines, howling imprecations at officials. He kicks field goals and extra points, squirms away from tacklers, throws blocks, bats down passes. He is as good a show as the game, and Chicago fans love to watch him; in other league cities there is no sport quite like booing George Halas on Sunday afternoon.

But what is Halas doing back in the coaching end of the Bear operations after he resigned with such finality three years ago?

"I couldn't stand it on the sidelines not running the club," he says quite frankly. "It was a lot harder on me than coaching. And I thought I saw a few things that might help us, so I came back. I feel good."

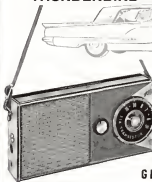
Halas, of course, must be ranked among the greatest of football coaches. He stuck with the T through the long years of single-wing football and he has remained *au courant* to the latest developments. In fact, many of

continued

Willie Galimore, the best runner in pro football, the benefit of his sage advice.



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PRO FOOTBALL continued

them stem from the Chicago Bears, who inspired the almost universal shift to T-formation football in 1940, with their whopping 73-0 victory over the Washington Redskins in the pro title game.

"Coaching is tougher now," Halas says. "The defenses change constantly, from play to play, and the offense has to broaden to cope with that. The personnel is so much better, too. When I started, each team had one or two great players. They would be great today, too. But now each team has so many more of them."

Halas has mellowed in recent years; he was once known as one of the hardest-driving of all pro coaches. According to Sid Luckman, who quarterbacked the great Bear teams of the early '40s and who is the prototype of all T quarterbacks, Halas had mellowed when he came back from Navy service after the war.

"He was a lot tougher before," Luckman says. "But don't get me wrong. I don't think there's a Bear who ever played for Halas who doesn't have the deepest respect and admiration for him. You know he would stick by you. He was like a father to me. I can truthfully say that all I am today I owe to George Halas and the Bears." Since Luckman is an eminently successful Chicago businessman, this compliment means something.

His estimate of the Halas character points up what may be George's most valuable asset as a coach—a quality of warmth which inspires tremendous affection from the players. Although Halas, on the surface, is still a stern, strict disciplinarian, the warmth seeps through.

For instance, one of his pet rules has to do with the weight of the Bear players. Halas decides how much each player should weigh when the season starts and checks the scales against his estimate religiously every day. "It's like handicapping a horse," he explains. "A 2-pound up in weight means a difference in speed. I figure five extra pounds on a 190-pound halfback is the difference between a good and a great player."

Halas used to fine the players \$50 per pound for anything over his prescribed weight. Now he has changed that to \$25 per pound for the first three pounds, \$50 per pound after that. No player ever gets over the three pounds. "I had to," he says.

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"I'd fine them \$50 per pound and at the end of the season my conscience would hurt me and I'd cut the fine in half. Now I cut it in half to start."

The Sunday incident, when Halas was pushed by Ram Defensive Halfback Don Burroughs after protesting that the Rams had been unnecessarily rough in pushing Bear End Harlon Hill out of bounds after a pass completion, illustrates his players' attitude toward Halas. The team, led by newly acquired Guard Abe Giron, an ex-Brown, boded off the bench intent on mayhem. It is doubtful that the officials could have kept them off Burroughs; Halas sent them back with a few words.

Halas runs his meticulously organized practices with an iron hand though. From the Bear practice field have come many of the innovations which make the pro offenses so exciting: the spread ends, flanked halfback, the slot back. Halas tailors offenses to fit personnel; this year he has developed plays to loose probably the most destructive projectile in the league, a wide-shouldered, slim-legged Negro halfback named Willie Galimore, who has been called the finest runner in pro football. Willie provides George with a tremendous outside threat and he's the kind of player Halas likes. "He's quick and coachable," Halas said. "He's intelligent."

FOOTBALL'S WILLIE MAYO

Galimore is a relaxed, Willie Mayo-type athlete who regards his recent eminence with mild wonder. "I just pick my feet up and put them down and keep squirming when I get hit," he explains. "I get away that way."

The combination of Halas and Galimore, plus the sound, tough Bear team may mean another Bear era in football.

In other games around the league, the Baltimore Colts remained undefeated at the expense of the winless Detroit Lions. The loss of longtime Quarterback Bobby Layne, traded to Pittsburgh two weeks ago (SI, Oct. 20), may have had a deep psychological effect on the Lions, who appeared demoralized in the 40-14 defeat.

The Chicago Cardinals, who upset the poise of the Cleveland Browns defense last week with a new-fangled offense best described as a triple-wing T, went back, for the most part, to their double-wing T in whipping the New York Giants 23-6, although

continued



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PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

they used the triple-winger enough to make a Brown scout in the press box say, "We didn't think much of that offense until we started going over the pictures; then we realized that when they get their timing down, it's going to be tough to stop. It is."

The Browns, who appear more and more in the image of the Browns of the Otto Graham-Marion Motley era, took one more step in their methodical and inevitable progress toward the Eastern Conference championship by stifling the Pittsburgh Steelers and Bobby Layne 27-10. One of Cleveland's most formidable challengers fell when the Philadelphia Eagles lost to San Francisco 30-24; the 49ers, using second-year quarterback John Brodie in place of injured Y. A. Tittle, regained the offensive polish they appeared to have lost irretrievably in the last two games.

Consistently unfortunate Green Bay ran into the Washington Redskins, a consistently inconsistent team, on a good day and lost 37-21 on a woefully leaky defense.

END

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Poss Comp
Browns vs. Steelers	27-10	264-87	145-172	9-23-85-28
Cardinals vs. Giants	23-6	176-97	245-126	14-24-9-25
Redskins vs. Packers	37-21	292-137	154-288	7-16-12-26
49ers vs. Eagles	30-24	111-107	269-202	13-24-18-33
Colts vs. Lions	40-14	316-79	219-141	11-18-9-25
Bears vs. Rams	31-19	114-73	192-142	13-29-23-31

LEAGUE STANDINGS EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Cleveland	4	0	0	1.000
New York	2	2	0	.500
Washington	2	2	0	.500
Chicago Cardinals	2	2	0	.500
Philadelphia	1	3	0	.250
Pittsburgh	1	3	0	.250

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Baltimore	4	0	0	1.000
Chicago Bears	3	1	0	.750
Los Angeles	2	2	0	.500
San Francisco	2	2	0	.500
Green Bay	0	3	1	.000
Detroit	0	3	1	.000



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SPORT IN ART

The House of Cards

Autumn's rainy days have always driven children indoors to seek amusement—and this 18th century boy building his house of cards could find many a modern-day counterpart on a wet afternoon. French painter Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin, fascinated by the child's concentration, captured the moment and combined still life with a genre scene, subjects he excelled in.



The surprising flying squirrel

He looks like a kite and flies like a glider, and you may have one in your attic

RUMMAGING the attic for family taintypes, I became aware that a plastic garment bag hanging from a rafter contained something besides garments. Something inside was moving. I called my daughter Mary Ellen and we took down the bag and started removing the clothes. In the sleeve of a coat there was activity. Taking the coat downstairs we got a cage and shook out a flying squirrel, an astonishing but common creature which most people have never seen.

Our captive was about nine inches long, but more than four inches of that was a curious, flattened tail. The squirrel was a drab, grayish-brown color above and had a white belly. Its fur was as soft as that of a chinchilla; it had small ears and large, shoebutton eyes. Along its sides were lines marking the folded skin which, when spread, enables it to glide and swoop through the night shadows of the forest.

In the cage the flying squirrel was calm. Instead of thrashing about, as in the case of most newly caught animals, it huddled in a corner, covering its huge eyes with its tail as though to shield them from the unaccustomed light. The next night we liberated the squirrel, watched it climb a tree and then sail off through the shadows.

This incident was typical of the rare occasions when hoarders become aware of this gliding creature of the night. Flying squirrels are among the most nocturnal of mammals. They may frequent the trees in the yard or even share the house with a family for years without being apprehended. Most persons are incredulous when informed that they are living in close proximity to flying squirrels.

Mrs. Lorraine Rudy of Ottsville, Pa. was sitting in her living room one evening when Pearl, her large gray

cat, walked in and placed a flying squirrel on the rug. A neighbor of mine tapped a small, dead tree, expecting to see a woodpecker fly out of the small hole near the top. Something flew out, all right, but it wasn't a woodpecker. A flying squirrel leaped out of the hole and sailed away like a fur-bearing flying saucer. The man had never seen one before.

The flying squirrel doesn't fly in the strict sense of the word. When it launches out from a tree it extends all four legs spread-eagle fashion and the skin folds tighten between the legs. In this position the animal resembles a furry kite. The tail is used as a rudder, giving the squirrel considerable maneuverability. It can turn quite sharply to avoid limbs and tree trunks. As it reaches the end of its glide it turns upward sharply and lands against a tree. Scampering up the tree, it takes off in another glide. Flying squirrels are reputed to glide up to 150 feet, but usually it is not more than half that.

Known to so few, the common flying squirrel, *Glaucomys volans*, inhabits most of the eastern half of the United States, and larger species live in the North and West. *Volans* normally builds its nest in a hole in a tree, but in rural sections it invades attics in strength. The young, from two to six, are born in March or April. In my attic they made a mess of the

place by tearing up the nests of wasps and mud daubers to get the grubs inside. Like other squirrels they are hoarders and will store away prodigious quantities of food.

Although shy and furtive in the wild, the flying squirrel makes an interesting pet. Miss Lio Hess, a friend whose business is photographing animals, has kept flying squirrels both in the city and in the country.

Miss Hess warns against grabbing flying squirrels by the tail. In this connection she had an unnerving experience. She grabbed one by the tail and the tail came right off in her hand. It didn't break off but slipped off the bone like a glove. Miss Hess hasn't grabbed one by the tail since.

To appreciate the aerial abilities of flying squirrels it is best to watch them at liberty. Some persons have established feeding stations where they watch the little fliers through a window. Another method is to tap on trees that have holes in them. I found three squirrels living in a nest box put up for flickers. The squirrels are not prone to fly in the daytime but usually poke their heads out of the hole and stare at their visitor. My method is to sit in the gloom of the attic, where the squirrels don't seem to mind my presence. My wife, however, has expressed the opinion that both I and the squirrels ought to stay out of there.

ENO



SQUIRREL IN FLIGHT soars gracefully, as in color picture at left; comes in to land (above) with feet outthrust. Flat tail acts as rudder or elevator to control his glide.

Photographs by David Goodnow

A tantrum, a triumph

Young Lance Reventlow had both as pro sports car racing bowed in on the West Coast

DEEP-DYED followers of sports car racing are famous for their indifference to the incidental suffering that often goes with their allegiance. Much congested highway travel, programs of unconscionable length and comfort stations from the age of Jackson are typical difficulties. This is taken for granted. Special mention should be made, however, of the 70,000 persons who attended the West Coast debut of major professional sports car racing last week at Riverside, Calif.

As the freeway lies, it is 60 miles from downtown Los Angeles to Riverside. It seemed 600 to the fans, who found themselves part of a colossal California traffic jam. At the race course the temperature went above

100, and some spectators keeled over from sunstroke. One singularly unfortunate witness was struck down by the electrically powered wheelchair of a female invalid. The wonder here is not so much that the able-bodied spectator was unfortunate, but that the invalid chose to attend at all.

What attracted this exceptionally large and stoical crowd to Riverside was the best field of road racing drivers ever to compete on the Coast—and, in fact, one that could not be surpassed elsewhere in the U.S. except at the annual Sebring, Fla. international race. An aggressive promotion by the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Mirror News*, which jointly sponsored this fourth race in the U.S. Auto Club series, spread the word. The drivers, for their part, were lured by a purse of \$14,500.

From Europe came the internationally known drivers Jean Behra, Roy Salvadori and Joakim Bonnier

—as well as the American stars Phil Hill, Carroll Shelby and Masten Gregory, who do most of their driving these days in European classics. From the ranks of American track racing came the Indianapolis drivers Troy Ruttman, Johnnie Parsons and Rodger Ward, from California road racing such stars as Dan Gurney, John von Neumann and Richie Ginther—as well as three other Californians who would gain special attention. These drivers—Lance Reventlow, Bruce Kessler and Chuck Daigh—were to be aboard the fleet new Scarabs financed by Reventlow.

As nearly everyone knows, Reventlow is the son of Barbara Hutton; at 22 he has produced, in the Scarabs, the best independent American racing sports cars since Briggs Cunningham's fine machines of the early 1950s. Kessler is a rising young driver. Daigh, 34, is a mechanic-driver who belonged to Pete De Paolo's old Ford stock car racing team.

In qualifying runs Daigh used the tremendous acceleration of his Scarab, which has a bored-out Chevrolet engine of about 5.5 liters, to achieve a record lap of 2 minutes 4.3 seconds on the 3.3-mile course. The best lap that Phil Hill, co-winner of the Le Mans 24-hour race, could manage was 2:06, in a new 4.1-liter Ferrari. Reventlow crashed his own mount, then jumped into Kessler's

CHUCK DAIGH TAKES THE CHECKERED FLAG UPON WINNING AT RIVERSIDE WITH A REVENTLOW-BUILT SCARAB SPORTS CAR



and recorded the third-fastest qualifying lap (2:08.1).

Next day, at the start of the 200-mile race, Reventlow's Scarab was struck from behind by the new 4.1 Ferrari of Von Neumann. That put Von Neumann's car out of the race and caused a puncture in Reventlow's gas tank. Flagged into the pits by officials, he had the puncture sealed off, then went out on the track again, apparently without official clearance. When he was blackflagged back to the pits, Reventlow angrily tongue-lashed the officials. At this, Pit Marshal Babe Stapp, a former driver, threw a punch at Reventlow; the row ended there.

There were apologies all around a little later, but Reventlow's earlier bad manners would not soon be forgotten. Until then his clear thinking and surefootedness in the difficult business of producing a successful sports racer from scratch had won much praise and good will. For almost a year Reventlow has employed a crew of 14 men on the Scarab project, each of the three cars is said to have cost about \$50,000 to build. Part of the good will has now been lost, although the achievement is no less praiseworthy.

Indeed, it turned out to be Reventlow's day, after all. While he stewed in the pits, Chuck Daigh scrapped with Phil Hill for the lead in the race. Daigh, in hot pursuit for five laps, went ahead on the sixth and seventh, then fell behind for four more. But on the 12th lap he collared Hill and never was headed again. Hill had begun to have fuel pump trouble. He made several pit stops and finally dropped out as Daigh confidently ran on to victory, at an average speed of 88.765 mph. Riverside's hometown hero, Dan Gurney (81, Nov. 25, 1957), brought a 4.9 Ferrari home second; a D Jaguar driver, Bill Krause, was third.

On a day of frustration for most of the big-name drivers, France's Jean Behra drove a little Porsche RSK Spyder magnificently and placed fourth. The Indianapolis men, gamely trying to adapt to road racing, fared poorly. But, said Rodger Ward: "Give us some practice and good equipment and we'll do all right." That's the kind of talk deep-dyed sports car fans like to hear.

By the way, you should have seen the traffic jam on the trip home. The little lady in the wheelchair could have kept up very nicely. **END**

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The heart that broke par

THERE is no better way to learn to play good bridge than by sitting down in a game—preferably with better players and with a good teacher at your elbow. Among the most enthusiastic of students who follow this method are the bridge teachers themselves.

Last month more than a hundred of these attended my teachers' convention at the Park Sheraton in New York. They were coached by me and my associates, Olive Peterson of Philadelphia and Paul Hodge of Dallas. They heard from perhaps a dozen great experts, including Howard Schenken, Albert Morehead, Peter Leventritt, Richard L. Frey and Edgar Kaplan. But the big moments of this three-day conference—and perhaps the ones from which they learned the most—were the two evenings when they played a series of prepared hands that called for especially skillful bidding or play in order to achieve a par result.

This kind of game has always been popular among good players. The problem is to create hands that can't go wrong. Like this one, for instance.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH



WEST



EAST



SOUTH

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3♥	PASS	3 NT	PASS
5♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

South's hand is just too darn good to settle for less than a six-heart bid when it should be made if partner has as little as the jack of clubs. If the bidding shown above needs an apology, that's it.

Remember, please, that hands like these are deliberately concocted to demonstrate a point. West has a reasonably normal opening lead in the jack of spades. South wins the trick and takes inventory. Over in dummy there are two perfectly good tricks in diamonds on which declarer could discard his losing clubs—but how can he get there? Is there any better play than to lead out all the trumps but one, cash the good spades and the ace of diamonds, and then play clubs, trusting that the king was doubleton, or that one of the opponents was unwise enough to ungaurd it?

With six clubs outstanding, the odds are against finding a singleton or doubleton king. And with dummy's good diamonds in plain sight, no sane defender is going to bother to hold on to diamonds, so the chance of an opponent discarding a club is not very bright. But South does have a 50-50 chance—a finesse in hearts.

The winning play doesn't look like the usual finesse because you have to lead away from your high cards instead of toward them. But it's the same even chance as any finesse—that West, rather than East, will hold the 10 of hearts.

The idea on this hand is for South to win the spade, cash the diamond ace, then lead a low heart. This makes West a present of a trick he isn't entitled to win—the heart 10. But it establishes the heart 9 as a re-entry to dummy. A second trump play puts North on lead and declarer discards two clubs on dummy's good diamonds.

That is, it does at every table but one. There the iconoclast in the West seat opened the 7 of hearts! Oh, yes, North could have won this trick with the 9. But South hadn't yet cashed his ace of diamonds, so all this enabled him to do was take a club finesse.

Alas, I had not been foresighted enough to give East the king of clubs. So the finesse lost, the slam went down, and once again I was convinced that it is hard to create a par that is truly foolproof.

EXTRA TRICK

Many devices enable you to play par hands. One such is a specially marked deck of cards, such as was recently published by Simon & Schuster that lets you play 24 highly instructive and entertaining deals. How do I know? Well, I made up the hands and wrote the book that goes with the deck. I suggest you try it or something similar when you feel the urge to test your game.



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HORSE SHOW / *Alice Higgins*

Deutschland über alles

At the brand-new Washington show German riders collected everything except the tickets

THE long-awaited Washington International horse show, talk of the horse world all summer, was finally held last week, and although it did not live up to all its advance bal-lyhoo, it was good enough to earn a permanent spot in the crowded fall schedule.

The appurtenances of the National Guard Armory, incidentally, were fine enough to stir the envy of rival entrepreneurs; the ring was big, the stabling ample, the makeup area convenient. Nevertheless, some very high-quality entrants notwithstanding, the competition was, for the most part, barely tepid, with lukewarm audience reaction to match.

The big event each evening was, of course, the international jumping featured in the show's billing. However, the strong riders from Germany had it almost all their own way, and for the most part it was simply a

question of which German was going to win—Fritz Thiedemann, the European champion, or Hans G. Winkler, the last Olympic champion.

Fritz ended by winning the most and was the individual champion, with fellow countryman Hans in the reserve spot. In fact, all four German riders and their nine horses are frighteningly good and forecast genuine trouble for the official U.S. Equestrian Team when they meet at the coming shows of Harrisburg, New York and Toronto.

That highly successful U.S. team, by the way (SI, Sept. 29), was not at the Washington show. Its schedule had been made up before the Washington dates were announced and, besides, the U.S. horses were tired from a strenuous summer, to say nothing of the team's commitment to the three giant and traditional fall shows. Nonetheless, the absence of an official team in the capital caused comment among the American spectators who watched the Germans ride off with five of the six first places.

But Frank Chapot, an official team member who came to Washington as a private individual with his own



IMPRESSED SPECTATOR President Eisenhower leans from box to greet Mrs. Linelott Linsenhoff of Germany, who rode her Monarchist in first-rate dressage exhibition.

horses, did win the one class that Fritz and Hans and their buddies apparently overlooked, and that, happily, was on the last night, when the President of the United States was watching. (It was, incidentally, the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Challenge Trophy that Frank won.) The other U.S. riders, Jeb Wofford and Sandra Phipps, were as helpless as they had been all week, despite the moral support of Ike and his First Lady.

Mexico, the third nation competing, helped break up the German monopoly by at least placing in the ribbons. As usual, Mexico was represented by that fixture-name, Mariles, but this year it was a new generation. The famous general's son, Humberto Jr. (who celebrated his 18th birthday in Washington), and his 16-year-old daughter Vicky made their debuts as international riders, with 23-year-old veteran Lieut. Roberto Vifals rounding out the team. Mariles himself, grounded by inner-ear disturbances that have affected his balance, made his initial appearance as a judge and furthermore made his presence felt by pointing out a minor rule infringement by the Germans.

Sending the young Mexicans in to oppose Germany's power seemed like asking a Little League team to take on the Yankees. And although those Little Leaguers didn't win any first places, they came surprisingly close. Vicky, rigid with stage fright the first two nights, came to life and booted her father's bobtailed Chihuahua II around the fault-and-out course for a second place behind Fritz Thiedemann, and young Berto managed two third places. Vifals was second or third on several occasions as well. Indications are that, with a few years' experience behind them, the Mariles children will be very bad news for their competition.

Proud Papa Mariles, although he admits that the Germans would have given him trouble if he could have ridden, predicts even better things for his brood at Harrisburg—never mind about waiting those few years.

Other than the international classes, hunter, jumper, saddle and walking horse events made up the show. The saddle and walking horse entries were on the light side, but there were plenty of hunters—and nice ones, too—in their respective classes. Unfortunately, most of those nice hunters were not performing too well, perhaps because it was the first indoor show of the season.

END

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BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Arms, rope and a bell

48

**Climbing a rope will tone flabby arms,
trim the waist and flatten the abdomen**

Last month Bonnie showed you how to start exercising on a rope, swinging on it and pulling yourself up from the floor (SI, Sept. 29). Now you are ready to climb it. When you first attempt the climb, don't try going all the way to the top. Even if you made it, you might burn your hands by coming down too fast. For incentive, mark the rope off in feet so you can see how far you've progressed. When you are able to reach the top, try placing a bell there. You can win the undying admiration of your child with your ability to ring the bell.



Hook right leg so rope lies over right foot. Pull up with arms, knees bent. Clamp left foot on rope to hold it between feet.



First start standing, later from sitting position on floor. Hold legs away from the rope. Ascend, descend hand over hand.



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BOSTON

1958 record: won 49, lost 23; first in East. Top scorer: Bill Sharman, 1,492; sixth in league. Top rebounder: Bill Russell, 1,564; first in league

The statement is worth debate, but this is still the best team in basketball, despite its loss to St. Louis in the March playoffs. The Celtics finished eight full games ahead of the closest team in each division last season, and their average victory margin (5.5 points) was more than twice that of any other club. They have lost three players to retirement—key men, though all were reserves: Arnie Risen, Jack Nichols and Andy Phillip. Man for man, their replacements should add strength, if not immediately then surely in the near future. Ben Swain (for Risen) will spell Bill Russell at center, and he has the height (6 feet 8), spring, long arms and offensive ability for the job. He has much to learn about defense but, fortunately, the right teacher in Coach Red Auerbach. Jim Loseoutoff (for Nichols) returns up front after being out most of last year with a knee injury and subsequent operation. The knee is sound again; if Jim can forget it ever was injured (the critical part of rehabilitation for any athlete), he will again be the second-best rebounder on the team and a double-figure scorer. Sam Jones (for Phillip) is the most-improved player on the Boston roster. Always cat-quick, and now a confident performer, he is going to surprise many a defensive backcourtman in the NBA. This team is a model for the old maxim that you can't win without the ball. Russell gets them the ball (he got it last season, on rebounds, 343 times more often than any other player in the league). When he gets it, Cousy & Co. know what to do with it, especially in a dazzling fast break. So the Celtics should again finish first.



BEHIND COACH Red Auerbach looms Center Bill Russell. Others (from left), are Forward Frank Ramsey, Guards Bill Sharman and Bob Cousy, Forward Tom Heinsohn—best in the game.



NEW COACH Fuzzy Levane is front and center of his smiling starters: (from left) Guard Richie Guerin, Forward Willie Naulls, Center Ray Felix, Forward Ken Sears and Guard Carl Braun.

NEW YORK

1958 record: won 35, lost 37; fourth in East. Top scorer: Kenny Sears, 1,342; ninth in league. Top rebounder: Willie Naulls, 739; 10th in league

This is, essentially, the same team as last year's, which scored 100 or more points in 37 consecutive games to break the old record by 25 games. It is an obviously aggressive, experienced crew—with two flaws which cost it a playoff spot last season and may do so again. The first is the lack of a grade-A big man who is a real threat on offense in the pivot and can reasonably contain rival big men. Neither Ray Felix nor Charlie Tyra measures up to the job, though neither can be faulted for effort. The second is the absence of truly adequate replacement for Kenny Sears. Understandably, at 6 feet 9 and only 190 pounds, Sears tires faster than most frontcourtmen from the relentless pounding under the boards. Coach Fuzzy Levane has hope that either of two rookies will be able to give Sears the rest he needs. They are Mike Farmer and Pete Brennan. Farmer is the stronger and, at this stage, appears the better on defense; Brennan has the better scoring touch. Levane plans to get around his lack of pivot strength by keeping his center out of the slot and playing more of a running, driving game than last year. The Knick backcourt bows to none: Carl Braun, Richie Guerin and Ron Sobie are fast, intelligent ball handlers and double-figure scorers. A year's experience has helped reserves Brendan McCann and Guy Sparrow. Finally, there is Willie Naulls, as superb a natural athlete as can be found in any sport. It is more than worth the admission price to watch Willie toss in his soft one-handers with the ease and grace of a ballet movement. But, considering the flaws, the pick for New York is fourth again.

PHILADELPHIA

1958 record: won 37, lost 33; third in East. Top scorer: Paul Arizin, 1,406; 8th in league. Top rebounder: Neil Johnston, 739; 11th in league

Three weeks ago, during an exhibition game with St. Louis, Neil Johnston smashed into a wall and damaged a knee severely. Doctors predicted he would be out for most of the season. Until then there had been at least a reasonable prospect that Philadelphia would be an Eastern title contender all the way and might even beat Boston in the playoffs. The latest prognosis is considerably more optimistic, but no one can say when Johnston will be completely effective again. It is a critical question for the Warriors. A tireless, full-hearted competitor, Neil is the only player besides George Mikan ever to lead the NBA in scoring for three straight years. And he has always been the Warriors' best rebounder. Even without Johnston, however, new Coach Al Cervi will hardly field an also-ran. First, there is Cervi himself—a peppery, inspirational presence on the bench and a tactician second to none in the NBA. Two rookies—Guy Rodgers and Andy Johnson—add power and flexibility to the squad. By using Rodgers, a superb playmaker, in the backcourt, Cervi will be able to move Tom Gola to one of the corner positions, where his defensive and rebounding skill will have increased scope. This may be precisely the opportunity Gola has needed to demonstrate the talent that flared so brilliantly during his college years and has flickered only occasionally since then. Johnson, 6 feet 6 and 220 pounds of brawn, has shown the ability to make the transition from the showboating Globetrotters to NBA ball easily. All veterans are back and fit. With Neil Johnston, the Warriors should finish second; without him, third.



SURROUNDING COACH Al Cervi are Guard Jack George (17), Forward Paul Arizin (11) and (in rear, from left), Guard Tom Gola, Center Neil Johnston and Forward Woody Sauldsberry.



FROM PLAYER-COACH Paul Seymour at right, a possible starting five includes Larry Costello and Al Bianchi, guards; Togo Palazzi and Dolph Schayes up front; John Kerr at center.

SYRACUSE

1958 record: won 41, lost 31; second in East. Top scorer: Dolph Schayes, 1,791; second in league. Top rebounder: Dolph Schayes, 1,022; fourth in league

For two years in a row, Player-Coach Paul Seymour has driven Syracuse to the second-best winning percentage in the league. He has done this with two or three old pros and a collection of castoffs from other clubs—goading them into an ever-running, never-say-die series of performances. It has been a highly creditable job. Last year, Paul lost all four of his top draft choices when none decided to turn pro, a serious blow to his planning. This year he has fared considerably better. Fresh from college ranks, Connie Dierking has already shown himself ready to spell John Kerr at center, releasing Bob Hopkins for duty up front behind Dolph Schayes. Backcourt Rookies Hal Greer and Tommy Kearns may well satisfy Seymour to the point where he will spend most of his time on the bench or even quit playing. Greer has phenomenal speed and Kearns is a Seymour-type determined hustler. Offensively, the front court of Schayes and Ed Conlin can match any other pair. Dolph, starting his 11th year as a pro, is an amazingly resilient athlete who shows no sign of slowing down; when he does, every estimate of this team must be changed, as a glance at the above statistics shows. Possibly the biggest intangible here is whether or not Kerr will ever achieve the self-confidence which would release all of his great potential. Seymour is hopeful this is the year. For the spectator, the Syracuse style of fast-weave and give-and-go basketball, with great emphasis on speed, is always a delight. It should also enable the Nats to finish second or third in the East, depending on Neil Johnston's availability at Philadelphia.

CONTINUED

continued

ST. LOUIS

1958 record: won 41, lost 21; first in West. Top scorer: Bob Pettit, 1,319, third in league. Top rebounder: Bob Pettit, 1,236; second in league

The Hawks ran away with their division title last year and are at least 50% stronger this year. Their surplus talent, which must be cut from the squad by the middle of December, would make up a pretty fair entry in the league. So new Coach Andy Phillip could hardly ask for happier auspices at the start of his tenure. Top of the list of added strength is, of course, Clyde Lovellette, acquired from Cincinnati in trade for five men who would have had extreme difficulty in making the Hawks' roster—a deal which stunned the whole NBA. Many a coach would have given up far more for Big Clyde, despite his record of erratic behavior. He is still one of the very best hook-shooters and rebounders of all time, and since moving to St. Louis he appears to be deadly serious about basketball. The return of Al Ferrari from service brings speed and scoring punch to a backcourt that hardly needed it. Without him, Slater Martin, Jack McMahon, Win Wilfong, Frank Selvy and Med Park would do fine, thank you. And it is the same up front. Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan and Ed Macauley are surely set in their jobs. Rookies Dave Gambee and Hub Reed are both strong and well poised for newcomers, but how often can they be expected to replace the above-mentioned three or Lovellette and Charlie Share at center? Phillip's only real problem is whom to cut. Despite this glut of talent, it is the opinion here that little (5 feet 10) Martin has been and still is the key to the Hawks' success, with his hustle, speed and defensive skill. And since, at 33, he still appears tireless and immune to serious injury, St. Louis will win again.



MEETING NEW COACH Andy Phillip are Center Charlie Share (13) and Forward Bob Pettit (9); standing (from left) are Guard Slater Martin, Forward Cliff Hagan, Guard Jack McMahon.



CHEERFULLY READY are the green Royals. Clockwise: Coach Bobby Wanzer, Guard Vern Hatton, Forwards Jack Teyman and Dave Piontek, Center Jim Palmer and Guard Sibogo Green.

CINCINNATI

1958 record: won 33, lost 39; tied for second. Top scorer: Clyde Lovellette, 1,639, fourth in league. Top rebounder: Maurice Stokes, 1,142; third in league

Sickness, retirement and trades have left the Royals with only one starter among three returning veterans. Most of the missing players are, conceivably, replaceable, but the great Maurice Stokes, still tragically under the spell of sleeping sickness, was an athlete and is a person with few equals. The Royals and the sport itself, for that matter, will miss him terribly. If Cincinnati struggles through the season in last place—a reasonable expectation—it will nevertheless be worth watching on any given night simply because of St. Green, who returns from service after three years. This lithe and limber young man will surely take his place some day as one of the finest backcourtmen of all time. His duels with Cousy, McGuire, Martin and other current ball-handling wizards should be thrilling affairs. He will have help from Rookies Vern Hatton and Arlen Bookhorn and veteran Tom Marshall, with Hatton, a fine driver and set-shooter, the likeliest starter. Up front the burden of playing against rival big men will fall chiefly on Jim Palmer, who has brawn and a year of AAU ball to his credit. Dave Piontek's rebounding and Jack Teyman's shooting are also reliable assets. The tall newcomers must be considered doubtful quantities in the face of NBA-class competition until they prove otherwise. Jack Parr is frail and erratic; Wayne Embry is strong but heavy-footed; Archie Does is said to have the attributes of a pro, but he has yet to show them when this observer was present. Coach Bobby Wanzer can count one thing sure: if the Royals finish anywhere but last, the lion's share of credit will belong to him.

DETROIT

1958 record: Won 23, lost 39; tied for second. Top scorer: George Yardley, 2,601; first in league. Top rebounder: Walter Dukes, 554; sixth in league

No slight is intended to the other veteran personnel, but the key to a so-so or sparkling season for Detroit is tall but only occasionally terrific Walter Dukes. The point is that everyone from the brilliant Dick McGuire in the backcourt to the high-scoring George Yardley up front can be counted on, night after night, to play ball on a level close to his known ability. Not Dukes. And the pity is that when Walt really tries he is Bill Russell's equal on the boards, certainly Russell's superior presently as a shooter and perhaps as good a big man on defense as the sport has ever seen. A consistent Dukes could go a long way toward controlling the standout rival scoring threat—an incalculable asset. Dukes is no fool; he understands his problem, which is simply a matter of concentrating on the job at hand. If he conquers it, he will be a delight to watch. Elsewhere, Coach Red Rocha is set. With McGuire, he has Gene Shue, whose steady improvement will soon put him in All-Star status, and Dick Farley and Chuck Noble in reserve. Up front with Yardley are Joe Holup and Earl Lloyd, both strong and dependable, and Phil Jordan, with whom Rocha worked all summer on pivot play. Rookies who appear most likely to stick are Barney Cable and Shellie McMillon, both good boardmen. It would be especially nice if Dukes began to show his true worth this year, since the Pistons have a new, first-rank promoter in General Manager Nick Kerbaway. With a successful playing season, Nick could make the Detroit franchise one of the most successful, financially, in the league. At any rate, the Pistons will finish second.



COACH RED ROCHA displays his likely starters. Front to rear are Guards Dick McGuire and Gene Shue, Forwards George Yardley and Earl Lloyd and problem-child Center Walter Dukes.



SURROUNDING COACH John Kundla is one Laker unit: Guards Rod Hundley (left) and Bob Leonard kneel; rear (from left) are Forward Jim Krebs, Center Larry Foust, Forward Elgin Baylor.

MINNEAPOLIS

1958 record: won 19, lost 53; fourth in West. Top scorer: Vern Mikkelsen, 1,246; 10th in league. Top rebounder: Larry Foust, 576; seventh in league

Patsies for the whole NBA last year, the Lakers have high hopes this time around, but the feeling here is that such hopes are premature. True, there is a lot of fresh talent available, but it will require at least a season's experience to be a factor in the division race. In addition, Coach John Kundla still has to depend on Jim Krebs to give Larry Foust the rest Foust requires at frequent intervals, and Krebs has yet to show the strength and spark a pro center needs. Up front, Vern Mikkelsen, always a tough and determined competitor, finally will have support, in the person of one of the most-publicized rookies in NBA history: Elgin Baylor. This will be a strong combination, especially if Baylor can avoid a marked tendency to follow a superb performance with a dismal one. When he's right, he has the touch, deception and savvy of greatness. Two more rookies will spell this pair: Boo Ellis and Steve Hamilton, both among the top 10 collegians in rebounding last year. All-Star Dick Garmaker and Bob Leonard are a veteran pair of backcourtmen and will likely start, but this should be the year Rod Hundley begins to fulfill his promise and becomes a regular. This department has never gone along with the opinion which holds that Hundley is more showman than player and cannot become a top-grade pro. He has always had every physical requisite, he now has a year's experience and, perhaps most important, he now has incentive, because two other veterans, Dick Schmitzer and Ed Fleming, will be battling him for a place on the squad. Next year, who knows?—but this year, the Lakers will finish third.

END

COME BACK AGAIN

continued from page 33

77 was a commendable effort.) As for Hyndman, the tall, casual Philadelphian faced an almost impossible assignment. He needed to bring in a 72 to effect a tie with Australia and, standing one over par with two holes to go, that meant he would have to pick up a birdie 3 either on the 17th, the notorious road hole, or on the 18th with its treacherous green.

Bill Hyndman was a hero. To understand to what degree he was, it will help if you know something about the 17th. It is a fairly straight-away hole running 453 yards to a long, thin green that is only some 45 feet wide on its upper level, where the pin is invariably placed. In our American golf parlance the 17th is now rated as a par 4 but for years it was informally considered a 5, fours being so hard to come by. A stone wall runs the entire length of the hole along the right. Just in front of the wall is a road. This road continues right behind the green. In that area it happens to be paved. Between the road and the green is a bank of heavy rough. Behind it, of course, is the wall. There is no greater physical hazard (or psychological one) in golf than this combination of the bank, the road and the wall. Rare indeed is the golfer who, having gone over the green, is able to pitch or roll his recovery back

onto the putting surface on his first attempt and not see his ball either expire in the bank of rough or dart over the thin green into the road bunker or other trouble on the far side. So many rounds have been ruined on the road hole that it has been intelligent practice for decades for a golfer to play his second safely short of the green, then chip up the slope to the higher terrace on his third and take his chances on holing his putt for his 4. Under the circumstances, though, Bill Hyndman had to accept the risk of going for the pin on his approach, regardless of what happened.

He had driven well and had a four-iron left. "I'm going to go for it," he said inquiringly to Bob Jones, the captain of the American team. Bobby nodded his approval. Bill then came through with a really beautiful shot. He hit it full with just enough left-to-right drift on it so that it would hold its line despite the heavy wind blowing across the hole from the right. The ball came down on the front edge of the upper terrace and came very close to hitting the pin as it ghosted by on the fast green. He was left with a terribly touchy five-foot putt for his 3. He thought he should play the ball an inch to the left of the hole. His caddie said no, play for the left center of the cup. He did, and he holed it. That 3 on what may well be the most fearsome par 4 in the entire world did it,

for Hyndman went on to play a resolute par on the 18th and, in fact, came within inches of holing the 18-footer he had for his birdie. This heroic effort tied the match. During the four rounds of the tournament proper there was only one round below 72, a 71 by Peter Toogood of Australia on the third day. The Old Course is never easy to score on, but it has rarely been more ferocious for tournament play than it was for this championship. It was the weather, of course. On all four days a chill, gusty, whirling wind from out of the west and south swept boisterously over the unprotected links, frequently with the velocity and force of a gale. Any score below 80 was a mild triumph of navigation. Not that the wind ever really abated, but on the afternoon of the first day it was probably at its worst. It blew one player, a slightly built Filipino, right off a tee. It made putting, especially on the "loop holes," a nightmare. Several players had to call penalty strokes on themselves when their ball, blown by the wind, moved as they were addressing a putt. The tilted green on the short 11th could hardly be coped with. Arthur Perowne of the British team, for example, had a 10-foot sidehiller there for his demise. He tapped the ball into the cup. It jumped out again and started trickling down the slope of the green. Before it stopped it was 20 feet below the hole. He then tapped his next putt



CHINA'S RICHARD KOO warms up woods on practice fairway prior to first round.



ITALY'S FRANCO BEVIONE wades in deep Scottish rough on his way to 14th green.



INDIA'S JUGAL MALIK, gray-bearded and blue-turbaned, hits drive from first tee.

uphill to the lip of the cup, ran up quickly and holed for his 4 before the wind could blow his ball down the incline again.

Despite the arduous conditions, the first World Amateur Championship was a wonderfully fine tournament, far more gripping and exciting than many people had guessed it might be but, good as the match was, it was the occasion and not the match that was significant. All during the week, when a golfer walked through the town, he saw golf friends from all over the world—Jacques Leglise, the dapper president of the French Golf Association, popping in at Laurie Auchterlone's to try out a set of irons he had seen in the window; Shun Nomura, the head of the Japanese delegation, shepherding two of his young players back to their hotel for tea; Bud Taylor, from Pomona, trying on spiked shoes in a local bootery since his own pair had been packed in his golf bag, and the bag, as luck would have it, was delayed en route and arrived only on the eve of the tournament; and so on and on. During the four days of play, threesomes made up of players each from a different country poured over the links, and all week, when you leaned against the fence behind the vast 18th green in the chill gloaming and watched the threesomes coming up the last hole, you took in an endless series of brief and powerful vignettes: young

Ashok Malik of the Indian team, who had finished earlier in the day, watching ever so intently as his father, Iqbal Malik, gray-bearded and blue-turbaned, sighted the subtle roll of his putt, Chang Tung-Chang, from Nationalist China, walking off the home green into a pack of Scottish schoolboys who insisted he autograph their books not with his "Western" signature but in Chinese characters; Archie Compston, the old lion himself, over in the capacity of coach of the Bermuda team, squinting dourly down the fairway to the distant tee and proclaiming with his usual rumble, "That little Filipino chap, that Luis Silverio, can't weigh more than 130 pounds, but he drives that ruddy ball a good 20 yards farther than any of the boys on my team" and so on and on.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

If there was any one assembly, however, that epitomized the occasion, it was the cocktail party held two evenings before the start of the tournament in the Long Room of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. The classic Old Course (and the three other 18-hole courses) occupy a large thumb of dune land at the foot of the slope up to the spired town. Just behind the first tee of the Old Course (and adjacent to its 18th green) stands the R and A's stately, sturdy clubhouse, a weather-beaten mass of granite whose general contours are familiar to golfers the world over. The famous big window of the clubhouse, a bay of eight tall, oblong windows, looks out on the course from the Long Room, so called because it is some 60 feet or so in length. Along the room's high walls (and above the periphery of ancient wooden lockers), oil paintings of distinguished golfers and R and A figures look down—Fredy Tait, old Tom Morris, Hugh Lyon Playfair, the Prince of Wales in a dashing 1920's outfit, to name only a few.

The big room was jammed for the party, and the waiters ferrying the champagne could hardly circulate. Everyone was there. Those whose wives were with them in Scotland brought them along to the party, which is notable since only once before in the long ascetic history of the R and A have women been allowed inside the clubhouse. (Somewhat tardily the British are beginning to agree that such latitude really doesn't damage the pleasures of golf.) People

continued



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AUSTRALIA'S PETER TODD, who had best single round, 71, pauses for hot soup.



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COME BACK AGAIN

of all colors were at the party, raising their voices above the din in a variety of languages. It was a memorable sight and a memorable sound. More than a few of the people present had been looking forward to this evening for months—and now they were there, right in the middle of it. It stirred a number of them to state, directly, what was on their minds. "The world is a little crazy," one of the British hosts declared, quite typically, as he stood talking with Mrs. Charley Coe and Prince Ruspoli, a good golfer from Italy. "Shooting on Cyprus. Shooting over Queney. Shooting in Algeria. Trouble in Little Rock, trouble in South Africa, trouble in the Near East, and heaven knows where else. And, when you look around this room, heaven knows why."

He paused a moment. "I am not so foolish," he added, "to think as some do that meetings like this can solve all international problems, but they certainly must help or else there is no sense in anything."

A RICH, FULL LIFE

There were several other assemblies during the week that will be long remembered by those fortunate enough to attend them. They were held to honor Robert Tyre Jones Jr., the truly immortal Bobby, who had come over to captain the American team. It was his first visit to St. Andrews since 1936 when he had sneaked into town, he thought, to play a quiet round and found 2,000 townspeople waiting for him at the first tee. Before he had finished his round, the whole town had come down to the links and was following him. This quite unique love affair between an athlete and a town—and a foreign town to boot—did not "take" in 1921 on Bobby's first visit to St. Andrews, when he could not get along with the Old Course and picked up in the middle of the British Open. But he came back for Walker Cup matches, and he came back in 1925 to win the British Open on the Old Course with a record-breaking score, and it was on the Old Course in 1930 that he won the British Amateur and was started on his grand slam. And during these visits an affection and mutual respect grew up between Jones and the golf-wise people of St. Andrews that has never died. Perhaps they love Bobby even better in St. Andrews than they do in Atlanta, and if you think this

is going too far, do not be too sure.

In any event, there was one grand evening, a team dinner in the Borough Hall, and whenever Bobby's team was mentioned in one of the speeches, every St. Andrew jumped to his feet and roared his affection for his dream-golfer and old friend. Later in the week at another assembly in the Younger Hall auditorium Bob was made an honorary freeman of the Borough of St. Andrews, the first American to be so honored since Benjamin Franklin. (As you probably know by now, this allows him to take divots on the Old Course, to chase rabbits there, and to dry his laundry on the first and 18th fairways.) It would be wonderful to be able to present the complete transcript of the ceremony that night, and worthwhile to do so. That is out of the question, though, and so we must limit ourselves to a few of the meaningful remarks Bob Jones made in reply to the provost's graceful address in which (with the packed galleries of Scots stamping and shouting their endorsement) he was saluted as "the most distinguished golfer of this age . . . I might say, of all times." Bobby spoke for 10 minutes, beautifully and movingly. He told his friends in the audience, "You people have a sensitivity and an ability to extend cordiality in ingenious ways." He said of the Old Course, "The more you study it, the more you love it, and the more you love it, the more you study it." He said near the end of his talk, "I could take out of my life everything except my experiences at St. Andrews and I'd still have a rich, full life." He left the stage and got into his electric golf cart. As he directed it down the center aisle to leave, the whole hall spontaneously burst into the old Scottish song, *Will Ye No' Come Back Again?* So heartily heartfelt was this reunion for Bobby Jones and the people of St. Andrews (and for everyone) that it was 10 minutes before many who attended were able to speak again with a tranquil voice.

It was a great week at St. Andrews, and I think it will always be a great week whenever this biennial championship is held. It is off to a superlative start. The format of the tournament, as we know now, makes for an exciting match. And though it is quite unnecessary to mount the speakers' platform and speak of the international spirit which prevails, and its importance, that spirit is there with bells on.

END



Tip from the Top

JOE CANNON, Farmington CC, Charlottesville, Va.

Unwinding the shoulders

GOLFERS frequently question me about what appears to be, in the swings of the best golfers, a sitting-down motion at the beginning of the downswing. I explain to them that they get this impression because a good golfer starts his hands down without unwinding his shoulders too soon. He wants to keep behind the ball with his shoulders as long as possible, arriving at the point of impact (see large figure below) with his shoulders parallel to the line of flight.

The small figure depicts a swing in which the shoulders have gotten out ahead of the ball before impact. This position is a very common one among average golfers. It is, as you can see, a weak position and one that is bound to result in a misdirected shot. Because the turn of the shoulders is a short turn compared to the wide sweep of the clubhead, it is easy to unwind the shoulders on the downswing before the clubhead completes its wider arc. I find that players who are experiencing this trouble can remedy it by keeping the right elbow close to the hip and the right shoulder well inside the line of flight.



A. Bessink



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THE SAVIOR OF OUR WILDERNESS

The 100th anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth recalls his pioneering work in conservation—a message still urgent today

by ALDEN STEVENS

Aid to the cause of conservation in this land of abused resources was the most lasting of Theodore Roosevelt's many contributions. During his presidency he greatly expanded the National Forests, created Wildlife Refuges and doubled the number of National Parks. Conservation campaigns, including the fight to save the egret from the plume hunters, received his ready support.

This magazine has described T.R., the hunter (Nov. 3, 1954). Now, on the centennial of his birth, another side of his career is presented. Theodore Roosevelt was closely associated with The American Museum of Natural History, which is the site of a memorial to him in stone and bronze. This month the museum's official magazine, Natural History, publishes the following article on Roosevelt, the conservationist and naturalist. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, considering it particularly fitting at a time when our national resources need stronger guardians than ever, is proud to reprint it herewith.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, on October 27, 1858, a son was born to Martha and Theodore Roosevelt in New York City. He grew to be a scrawny child—studious and a little lonely. He had asthma, and his eyes were bad. "He looked so pindlin' we thought we couldn't raise him," said Bill Sewall, a large, powerful Maine guide who was to become a close companion and friend in later years.

Before he was 9, this boy knew with

certainty that he wanted to be a naturalist. By the end of college, this early goal had been set aside. Yet, paradoxically, had young Theodore Roosevelt succeeded in his childhood plans, he could neither have contributed to science what in later years he did contribute, nor could he have achieved what stands today as perhaps his greatest triumph, effective conservation in America.

At 7, Theodore Roosevelt was a so-

rious student of animal life. By 9, he had founded—in his room—what he called The Roosevelt Museum of Natural History. His father, two years later, was among the founders of a larger institution with similar purposes—The American Museum of Natural History. The elder Theodore undoubtedly inspired and encouraged his boy's interest in nature, partly because the child was not very strong. At 14, the weakness of his eyes was discovered, and his father got him spectacles and his first shotgun: he was already receiving lessons in taxidermy under the great John G. Bell, an associate of Audubon.

That same year, 1872, the family took him on an energetic and extended tour through Europe and to Egypt. Here he collected and subsequently mounted considerably more than a hundred bird specimens. No young naturalist ever got off to so promising a start: no boy his age was ever surer of what he wanted to do.

Roosevelt entered Harvard just too

continued



ROOSEVELT AND NATURALIST JOHN MUIR AT YOSEMITE, 1903

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late to be taught by Louis Agassiz and Asa Gray, but he did have splendid teachers: Shaler, Davis, Mark, Goodale and Faxon. However, as he remarked later, Harvard at that time was too interested in working with dead tissue, with microscope and dissecting tools, and the activities of the field naturalist were regarded as comparatively unimportant. Perhaps this attitude on the part of his teachers swayed young Roosevelt from his former goal. Later, he wrote, "the tendency was to treat as not serious, as unscientific, any kind of work that was not carried out with laborious minuteness in the laboratory."

Soon after graduation, in 1880, he broke up his bird collection—giving the bulk of it to the Smithsonian Institution and about 20 specimens to The American Museum of Natural History, where several of his mountings are still displayed.

Instead of pursuing nature, Theodore now studied law under his uncle, Robert Barnhill Roosevelt, and, as an outlet for his energies, wrote a history: *The Naval War of 1812*. Apparently, he was through with natural history forever, for he next entered politics and was elected to the New York State Assembly in 1882. The next year, partly for sheer pleasure and partly to help his asthmatic, rundown physical condition, he decided to go off and hunt buffalo.

In the wilds of Dakota Territory, he got his buffalo and also found himself back with his first love—nature. He invested in a cattle enterprise—which, in the end, cost him \$50,000, but paid him back in pleasure. He got a buckskin suit and wandered all over this wild country; he wrote three books about his experiences—*Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail* and *The Wilderness Hunter*.

Roosevelt's studies had given him an enormous respect for C. Hart Merriam, then head of the U.S. Biological Survey. He rated Merriam with Agassiz and Jordan. But the knowledge of coyotes gained on his ranch led him into a heated discussion when Merriam revised the coyotes into 11 distinct species. Roosevelt, having watched coyotes in the field and having thrilled to their high-pitched wail, could not believe they were so different, and said so. He thus enrolled himself in the ranks of the "lumpers" (those who regard minor

differences in animals insufficient to separate them into different species), as opposed to the "splitters," like Merriam, who hold that slight differences are of substantial significance. He later debated with Merriam at Washington's Cosmos Club (Roosevelt was then Assistant Secretary of the Navy) and surprised that august institution's gathering of biologists and naturalists with his knowledge of wildlife.

Throughout his distinguished political career, Roosevelt never failed to

keep up with the literature of natural history. He apparently read everything and maintained a voluminous correspondence with workers in the field. His letters to Frank M. Chapman of The American Museum of Natural History show a broad and deep knowledge of animals and a great appreciation of them. Birds were a particular delight to him, and many of his letters to Chapman describe their colors and songs ecstatically. Said Chapman later: "The

continued



A CONFERENCE THAT MADE HISTORY

In May 1908, the year after he created the Inland Waterways Commission, President Roosevelt called a conference to the White House to discuss conservation on a nationwide basis. An extraordinary meeting, it included the governors of all the states, as well as many other leaders in government and civic affairs. The composite photograph above, billed as "the most ingenious news photograph ever made," shows, reading clockwise from top center, in the outer circle, John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers; Seth Low, representing the National Civic Federation; Samuel Gompers of the AFL; Secretary of the Treasury George B. Cortelyou; Minnesota's Governor Joseph W. Folk; Justice William H. Moody of the Supreme Court; an unidentified dignitary; New Mexico's Governor George Curry; William Jennings Bryan; Andrew Carnegie as an authority on "ores and related min-

erals"; Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson (who was also president of the American Forestry Association); New York's Governor Charles E. Hughes; and Minnesota's Governor John A. Johnson. In the inner circle are Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House; Gifford Pinchot, Roosevelt's Chief of the Bureau of Forestry; Postmaster-General George von L. Meyer; John Hayes Hammond, president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers; Wisconsin's Senator Robert La Follette; Pennsylvania's Senator Philander C. Knox; and Secretary of State Elihu Root. The conference, which lasted three days, led to the appointment of a 59-man commission to prepare an inventory of all the natural resources in the country. It led also to the appointment of state conservation agencies in 41 states. Thus, it was the first step on both state and federal levels toward a conservation policy.



A TREE TO SAVE, the stately redwood (above), already old beyond its years in parking lot surroundings, may now be doubly jeopardized by new plans to widen the main thoroughfare of Campbell, Calif. The historic landmark was planted



in 1903 by President Roosevelt (*extreme left*), town's founder Benjamin Campbell (*second from left*) and Union soldiers in ceremonies to publicize conservation of the magnificent California species. Unless protected, the 55-year-old tree will perish.

ROOSEVELT continued

growing demands of official life on Colonel Roosevelt's time never drove the bird from his heart. Rather did he become increasingly dependent on the friendship of nature for relief from the cares of office."

While in the White House, Roosevelt spent hours watching birds and listening to them and took long walks in Rock Creek Park. He often invited foreign diplomats to join him and, flattered, they were usually eager to do so. But, by the time they had followed at his breathless pace for an hour or so, many were exhausted—and viewed the President with a new respect and admiration. The walks in the park thus served a political as well as a scientific purpose.

Roosevelt's interest in conservation started in a small way, but grew rapidly. He had begun it as Governor of New York, by strengthening the Fisheries, Forestry and Game Com-

mission, tightening regulations, controlling stream pollution and recommending that the Catskills and Adirondacks be set aside as park areas. But it was as President that he became truly the father of American Conservation. The surface had hardly been scratched up to his inauguration; by the time Roosevelt left the White House it was a powerful and permanent policy. He began with reclamation. His first (1901) message to Congress stated: "The western half of the United States would sustain a population greater than that of our whole country today if the waters that now run to waste were saved and used for irrigation. Great storage works are necessary. . . . Their construction has been conclusively shown to be an undertaking too vast for private enterprise." The Reclamation Service (later the Bureau of Reclamation) was founded; by 1904, 16 reclamation projects were well started. By the time Roosevelt left office, in 1909,

the 25,000-odd western acres which had previously been under irrigation had grown to more than a million. Today, over five million acres are supplied with water by the 58 projects of the Bureau of Reclamation.

In his autobiography, Roosevelt remarked that the pioneer American "had but one thought about a tree, and that was to cut it down." By 1900, almost half the original timber—which once covered almost 50 per cent of the nation's land surface—had fallen before this primitive urge. And more was falling every year.

Ten years before Roosevelt took office, an Act of Congress allowed the President to establish Forest Reserves: 50 million acres had been so set aside. But forest administration was weak and divided, and government powers quite inadequate. Practical forestry existed only in a few isolated places, and the public was far from ready to accept it. Powerful lumber interests fought government interference with

money and influence. When America's pioneer forester, Gifford Pinchot, took over the Forestry Division in 1898, he was anything but enthusiastic about its prospects. At that time, Roosevelt was Governor of New York. Pinchot, as forester, was asked to inspect an area in the Adirondacks and called on the Governor in Albany on the way. He reported, in his *Breaking New Ground*: "T.R. and I did a little wrestling, at which he beat me; and some boxing, during which I had the honor of knocking the future President of the United States off his very solid pins."

Thus they were old friends and, when Roosevelt entered the White House, Pinchot had a solid and determined supporter: a survey of the forest lands of the entire nation was begun. From this survey came recommendations as to precisely which areas should be set aside by the President as National Forests.

Just at this time, a group of senators—opposed to nationalization of forests—tacked a rider onto the Agricultural Appropriations Bill, forbidding the President to establish any more National Forests in the Northwest. The bill couldn't be voted without disastrous consequences, and the senators who had slipped in the rider thought they had dealt a death blow to National Forests.

They were wrong. Roosevelt immediately called Pinchot, who gave him the forest survey's boundaries of appropriate areas in those states. The President immediately established these new forests—totaling 16 million acres—and afterward signed the bill, with its "trick" rider. It was an outstanding coup for conservation, and one which conservation's enemies had brought upon themselves.

Roosevelt doubled the number of National Parks (from five to 10) and, under a new act, set up 16 National Monuments (similar to National Parks, except that Congressional action is not required for their establishment). He created 51 Federal Wildlife Refuges. He called the North American Conference on Conservation, and he helped organize the National Conservation Commission. In seven and a half years, he made American conservation a living thing, and by his speeches and writings won acceptance—even enthusiasm—for it.

All through his presidency, Roosevelt never lost touch with the literature and study of natural history. He made frequent trips into the field. In

1903 he spent two weeks with John Burroughs in Yellowstone, watching bighorn sheep scramble without a misstep down a precipitous canyon wall, running to identify such birds as a pygmy owl and a Townsend's solitaire—tramping and touring, seeing everything. Burroughs later wrote: "I cannot now recall that I have ever met a man with a keener and a more comprehensive interest in the wildlife about us—an interest that is at once scientific and thoroughly human. . . . I was able to help him identify only one new bird. All the other birds he recognized as quickly as I did."

From Yellowstone he went to Yosemite for several days with John Muir. This, too, was a memorable trip for Roosevelt, although he was disappointed that Muir, with his great knowledge and understanding of mountains, big trees and glaciers, seemed to know little of wood mice and birds. Muir was as enthusiastic about the President as Burroughs had been; he, too, admired the sharp eye and the professional's careful, sure observation technique.

That same year, Roosevelt joined John Burroughs in attacking Ernest Thompson Seton, William J. Long and Jack London for some fairly lurid, imaginative writing about animals. Burroughs published an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*—Roosevelt was delighted with it, and said so. He then politely suggested that, on one minor point, Burroughs might be mistaken. "I shall never cease to marvel at the variety of your interests and the extent of your knowledge," replied Burroughs. "You seem to be able to discipline and correct any one of us in his chosen field. My *Atlantic* paper had some hasty streaks in it."

When his presidency ended, Roosevelt promptly set out for Africa. This was partly—but only partly—a hunting trip. Knowing that the Smithsonian Institution was weak in its collection of African animal specimens, he suggested that, in exchange for such specimens, the Smithsonian both sponsor the expedition and send some taxidermists and field naturalists along with him.

"I am much more pleased at making the trip a scientific one with a real object than merely a holiday after big game," he noted with pride.

There can be no doubt that Roosevelt enjoyed practically every minute of the African expedition. His was the joy of the huntman, but of a new

continued

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kind of huntsman—one with the purpose of the collecting scientist. He brought back the largest collection of animals ever taken by a single party and made the Smithsonian's collection one of the finest in the world: 5,000 mammals, 4,500 birds, 2,300 amphibians and reptiles and thousands of fish, insects and plants, many of them new species.

Roosevelt summarized his experience in a delightful book, *African Game Trails*. He followed this work with another, in collaboration with the expedition's zoologist, Edmund Heller; a comprehensive volume—*Life Histories of African Game Animals*—that was a milestone in its field. The expedition was a solid scientific success that contributed greatly to knowledge of the then still little-known continent of Africa.

Roosevelt's other great expedition, to Brazil in 1913, was a different—and less happy—story. He was 55 years old. The year before he had been shot by a would-be assassin; it was not a serious wound, but it was not so trivial as Roosevelt pretended. He had been defeated for the presidency on the Bull Moose ticket, a bitter disappointment. While his enthusiasm for adventure was as high as ever, there can be no question that his health was far from robust and he was a very tired man.

Preparations for the trip were left mostly to Frank Chapman of The American Museum, which assigned two naturalists to the party: George Cherrie and Leo Miller. In Brazil the Minister of Foreign Affairs casually mentioned an unexplored tributary of the Amazon—the River of Doubt—of which the headwaters alone were known. Roosevelt instantly said, "We will go down that unknown river!"

It was a snap decision, and one that nearly cost him his life. Not only Chapman, but Henry Fairfield Osborn of The American Museum and many others of his friends protested, pointing out that he was making a voyage about which no one knew anything of the hazards, through perhaps the most unhealthy jungle in the world. Replied the old warrior: "I have already lived and enjoyed as much of my life as any other nine men I know; I have had my full share, and if it is necessary for me to leave my remains in South America, I am quite ready to do so."

The voyage down the river in dug-

out canoes was a nightmare. Some of the canoes leaked; others were hard to handle. They lost three, together with food and supplies on which they had been counting. They faced a thousand miles of river, punctuated with waterfalls and rapids, murderous hordes of ants and flies, disease, unknown and unfriendly natives and innumerable other dangers.

At one point Roosevelt plunged into the swirling rapids to prevent destruction of a capsize boat. His leg was dashed against a sharp rock, and the wound became infected. A few days later, he realized he also had ma-



LIVELY LEADERS Roosevelt and Pinchot are snapped during Missouri River tour.

laria. Dysentery added to the misery of the abscess on his leg and the malaria. His temperature rose to 105° and he was frequently delirious.

Cherrie and Roosevelt's second son, Kermit, nursed him through one desperate night. Toward dawn he spoke to them: "Boys, I realize that some of us are not going to finish this journey. I know that I am only a burden to the rest of you. Cherrie, I want you and Kermit to go on. I want you to get out. I will stop here."

Cherrie and Kermit flatly refused. If it meant their own deaths—and they knew it well might—they would never leave him behind. The devotion of these two men and his own feeling of responsibility stirred Roosevelt to the last ounce of determination of which he was capable: they had given him the strength to go on.

The new strength came just in

time. The next day Kermit had malaria; Cherrie had dysentery. One crewman killed another and ran off into the jungle. Portages followed one after another, and each was worse than the last. They were driven to eating monkeys and bloodthirsty piranha fish—bony but nourishing.

No one was ever certain how they got through the last few days. But suddenly they reached the Amazon, and men from rubber plantations were on the shore. They had come through. A few days paddling down the river and they caught a steamer that took them to Manaus.

The results were valuable from a scientific standpoint. Cherrie and Miller collected 2,500 birds and 500 mammals, as well as numbers of amphibians, reptiles, fish and insects. The American Museum had a new, significant collection, but at what a cost! Roosevelt's health was broken; he was never quite the same again. His friends—Chapman, Osborn and all the others—had been quite right when they tried so strenuously to dissuade him from his perilous voyage down the River of Doubt (which was later renamed, in his honor, the Rio Roosevelt, or the Rio Teodoro).

In his college youth, Roosevelt had deliberately decided not to devote his life to natural history. Yet, the channeling of his tremendous energy into politics led Roosevelt to perform feats impossible for a studious naturalist. His tremendous prestige made possible both the African and Brazilian expeditions. His passion for nature made him the greatest conservationist the world had ever known. And his contribution went beyond even this. When he liked a piece of work in the field of natural history, he wrote enthusiastically to the writer, spurring him on to greater things.

Roosevelt's last letter was one he wrote to William Beebe, expressing great pleasure in a new monograph on pheasants that Beebe had just published. The letter was in Roosevelt's usual, helpful and friendly vein.

He died the next morning, January 6, 1919. Frank Chapman, shocked by grief, said, "He has been my inspiration for nearly 20 years." John Burroughs, at 82, felt the loss heavily. "The old man's tears come easily," he said, "and I can hardly speak his name without tears. . . . I have known him since his ranch days . . . and to know him was to love him. . . . The world seems more bleak and cold since he is no longer in it." **END**

19TH HOLE The readers take over

BASEBALL: THE SERIES

Sirs:

All hail the Yankel As for Milwaukee—they still make good beer!

SAM SMALLEY

Auburn, Maine

Sirs:

Baseball is sick, sick, sick. The Yankees couldn't play 500 ball during the months of August and September, yet they have another world championship.

MATT E. HEURKTY

Wheaton, Ill.

Sirs:

A Milwaukee fan shouldn't be writing this, but...

The splendid recovery of the Dams Yankees in the World Series is surely the sport feat of the year. If Sportsman of the Year cannot be awarded to a team, I'm suggesting Casey Stengel.

Forgive me, Braves!

ART PEARSON

Rending, Pa.

Sirs:

Never have I seen such arrogance in victory! Mr. Stengel & Co. had won my admiration for coming from behind so magnificently. However, Stengel's egotistical rerun of the seven games (in the TV interview following the victory) was unnecessary and in extremely bad taste.

Mr. Hanes's gracious manner in defeat is much more worthy of the great American pastime.

I have been forced to join the loyal legion of Yankee-haters.

ARDEE L. LINSFOTT

Needham, Mass.

Sirs:

Never has this Yankee-born, naturalized Texan sat so tall in the saddle as when he read your would-be prophetic pronouncement of doom for Casey Stengel and the World Champion New York Yankees. The thought of Robert Creamer using such words (SI, Oct. 13) as, "The Braves... moved confidently toward the denouement" and, "The Series was over except for the formality of the coup de grâce..." gives me almost as much pleasure as does the prospect of an American League team in Houston (I could watch the Yankees in person). I reckon I'm branded for life—with a big N.Y.

DAVID D. PRINCE

Houston

BASEBALL: AN AUDIT FOR O'MALLEY

Sirs:

It's a cloudy day in Long Beach, which seems an appropriate time to reply to your "Sunshine in L.A." (EVENTS &

DISCOVERIES, Oct. 13). I'm an auditor for an oil company writing up an audit of our Lancaster bulk plant this morning, but will take time to audit your balance statement for Mr. O'Malley & Co. first.

Since I was reared in the deep South, the first big league baseball game I saw was as an adult while stationed in Washington, D.C. in the Air Force. Since a kid I've been a Cardinal fan by proxy and got to see the Cardinals play for the first time here this year. I also took my mother to see the Pirates and the Phillies while she was visiting me here this summer. That was in July, and she still writes me about how much she enjoyed those two ball games. I saw one other game with some fellows from the office.

I'm wondering if that \$3,357,229.16 profit before taxes isn't made up mostly of the receipts from people who each saw three or four games this year for reasons such as the above. Such incentives can be valid for one year at the most, I think.

If I'm correct, then Mr. O'Malley had best:

1) Find a location for his new ball park away from the already impossibly overcrowded freeway intersection, which was what attracted him to Chavez Ravine.

2) Put most of this year's profits into building a winning team.

3) Put most of the remaining profits into the best ball park with the most parking space. Walt Disney found that southern Californians will drive 50 miles or more if you give them a place to park when they get there and a show worth the money and if they don't have to creep bumper to bumper on route.

4) Put the Game of the Week from the East back on TV, at least when the Dodgers are on the road. The Dodgers will have more baseball friends and fans that way.

Mr. O'Malley probably doesn't like auditors any better than the next man, but I hope you will pass this on to him anyway.

CLARENCE R. MARTIN

Long Beach, Calif.

BASEBALL: TWILIGHT FOR LUCY

Sirs:

"Thank you for 'Lucy to the Showers' (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Oct. 13), the most incisive and honest editorial of the baseball year.

If New York sees another Series next year, let us hope that Lucy Monroe attends only as a spectator.

R. D. MARKEL

Omaha

TURN: HOW TO MAKE A MILLION

Sirs:

I am not one for writing letters to magazines, but the campaigns that Round Table has been subjected to has amazed me to the extent that I feel forced to express my views.

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By Subway: 6th & 8th Ave. (Ind.) E and F trains to Parsons Blvd. Sta., Jamaica. Bus to track

19TH HOLE (continued)

First of all, I must say "cheers" to the fact that Round Table is now the leading equine millionaire. His owner admitted that all he wanted was to have Round Table pass Nashua's record. I hope his owner is now satisfied and that at last his breed winner will get a much-needed rest. Having been shipped around the country to run in races where the pickings were easy and the stakes high, then taking a trip to Mexico to make \$31,800 in the Caliente Handicap, his financial record is not astounding. That race was certainly a giveaway and a joke.

Round Table is a good horse, indeed a very good one, honest and big-hearted. A great horse? No. To compare him to Seabiscuit, Citation or such, is like comparing night to day, and had such horses run when they could pick up \$190,000 almost any week, Round Table would be moved far down the list.

I am ashamed to admit that I have actually rooted against a good horse. I am so fed up with the quest for money and the publicity. May it stop now!

A good horse, an honest one and surely stout-hearted! I salute him and only wish he had been owned and campaigned by one who really loved Thoroughbreds, not publicity and money records.

ERRICK N. O'DONOGHER
Atherton, Calif.

OUTER BANKS: GO, GO, GO
Sir,

My wife and I spent several happy days on the Outer Banks about a year ago, and we second everything Virginia Kraft wrote in her fine article (*Down the Banks to Ocracoke*, SI, Oct. 6). We're even more enthusiastic than she and would like to make a couple of small amendments.

There are plenty of other places to stay in Nags Head besides the Carolinian (which we think is topst). For instance, there are motels, such as Campbell's Cottages, which are comfortable, warm and reasonable.

There used to be another way of getting to Ocracoke besides taking the boat from Atlantic. You could ferry across the inlet from Hatteras and ride the mail jeep down the beach, which was lots more fun. I'm sorry to learn the road has finally been completed. Progress isn't always for the best.

Ocean-front property was still available on Hatteras up to the time of your article anyway (at about 1/5 the price of comparable Florida property). Hatteras is only a one-day fast drive from New York City.

HAL SPIER
New York City

• There is no longer any ocean-front property available. The last of it went this spring to complete the National Park washore project.—ED.

OUTER BANKS: OTHER CHARTERS
Sir,

Congratulations on your fine article on the Outer Banks of North Carolina. This is surely one of the finest hunting and fishing areas in the country.

In the section entitled "The Gull Stream," you mention only Edgar Styron and the Blue Marlin Dock. This completely neglects Ernal Foster and his three boats *Albatross I, II, III* which comprise the other charter fishing operation in Hatteras. Ernal, born and raised on the Outer Banks, was the original charter boat captain there.

The Fosters are as fine people as you will meet anywhere, to say nothing of their skills as fishermen. They rely entirely on word of mouth to maintain the business, and thus a visitor sees no advertising. There is only a small sign saying "Foster's Quay" nailed to the barn near the dock.

JOHN M. CLEVELAND
Greenwich, Conn.

**OUTER BANKS:
A DUCK BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .**

Sirs:

Maybe "down on the Banks" you call the wildfowl shown in the color photograph "goose," but out here in Indiana we refer to them as *Anas ardea tritritus*.

RALPH B. SOLLITT
South Bend, Ind.

Sirs:

We call them drake pintails.
DAVID S. FOSTER
Lafayette, La.

Sirs:

Sprigs are what they are.
ROY E. WALSH
Easton, Md.

Sirs:

Pintails; the local name is water pheasants.

T. C. PETERSEN JR.
Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Cork sprig ducks.
DAN BUSH
Keyser, Calif.

Sirs:

Pintails. *Defile arde*.
H. G. STEVENSON JR.
Annapolis

Sirs:

The local name is spike ducks.
K. L. OBERG
St. John, Kans.

Sirs:

Sprigtails I would call them.
WILLIAM FLOYD
Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

American pintails.
C. M. A. ROGERS III
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

• Right. Pintails, sprigs, water pheasants, spike ducks, *Anas ardea tritritus*—a duck by any other name is still a duck and not a goose.—ED.



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Pat on the Back



JOHN FRANKLIN MCKINNON

'They kept me young'

Three hundred distinguished alumni of Brown University gathered the other day over dinner to honor the retirement of a man who left high school after one year and attended Brown for 50. The man (shown here talking to Thomas F. Galbane, the outstanding center of Brown's great 1932 football team) is Jack McKinnon, athletic trainer for all sports at Brown since 1909.

Brown took up football in 1878 and has had only 12 coaches since. Jack McKinnon has worked under seven of them, including tough Tuss McLaughry and his bearded, tobacco-chewing "Iron Men" of 1926; McKinnon's equipment in those days consisted of a bottle of iodine and some tape. Today he lords it over a full line of electronic gadgets, moun-

tains of foam rubber and armorlike protective equipment. Yet injuries have skyrocketed since the late '20s, when players scorned helmets and wore their playing socks for 10 days. "Why, when the Iron Men were here," McKinnon recalls, "we had one injury all season. I can only think that players today aren't as tough. The auto has hurt. Boys don't walk as much and their joints aren't as tough because of it."

McKinnon does not want to retire. "The boys have kept me young and made me forget my troubles." In saying farewell McKinnon's boys set right a 43-year-old injustice: Jack McKinnon was not allowed to make the 1916 Rose Bowl trip with his team; this year Jack will go to the Rose Bowl as guest of his boys. **END**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 27, 1968

America's National Sports Weekly

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THE QUESTION: Is pro football lessening interest in college football?



ED REUTINGER

*Director, football sales
Wilson Sporting
Goods Co.
River Grove, Ill.*

No. They're different types of football. The pro game is wide open, with the forward pass the potent play. The college game is equally interesting because of its spirit, tradition, color and the loyalty of students and alumni.



PAUL ZIMMERMAN

*President Football
Writers Assn. of
America
Pasadena, Calif.*

No. Pro ball will add interest to the college game. This is being proved by the mounting attendance at all games, pro or college. Conversely, pro football would die without the colleges. In Los Angeles, our fans jam the stadiums for both.



GEORGE W. WILSON

*Head coach
Detroit Lions*

No, because the two games are so different. A fan who likes the tradition and color of college football will never desert the game for the pro league. He goes to see the pros only because of the college stars on the teams.

continued

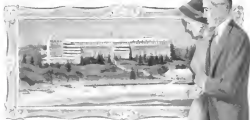
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NOTBOX continued



CARL D. ANDERSON JR.
Vice-President,
Am-San Petroleum
Oklahoma City

It shouldn't, but it will. The pros, with the best players from college football, play a better game. What a paradox, the pros capturing interest from college football while being totally dependent on it for players.



PAUL CHRISTMAN
Former Cardinal
quarterback
Chicago

Only to the pro fan. There are probably any number of college fans who have never been exposed to pro football and probably never will. But if a man goes to see the pros often enough he becomes a pro fan.



FRED STABLEY
President, College
Sports Information
Directors of America
East Lansing, Mich.

No. The Detroit Lions have sold over 40,000 season tickets. Yet the University of Michigan, 86 miles away, and Michigan State, 70 miles away, are doing near-capacity business. The decline of football in New York is due to other factors.



ELMER LAYDEN
Former coach at Notre
Dame, former commis-
sioner of pro football
Chicago

No. It is true that pro baseball took much of the interest from college baseball, but college baseball never was the attraction that football was and is. Crowds at college football games are larger than ever.



VICTOR F. GRECK
Athletic director
New York University

Yes. Because the caliber of pro football has improved so much in the last 20 years. However, this could prove a benefit to colleges. With the pressures of gate receipts off, the temptations of malpractice may disappear.

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Calls in the wild

**A raft of artificial lures
are raising hob with honkers**

WATERFOWLERS for generations chattered, chortled and chuckled in earnest, if sometimes erratic, effort to mislead ducks into thinking friend rather than foe awaited them in the blind below. Now all is changed. Sporting goods counters overflow with dozens of artificial calls, many of which can be mastered in minutes. And if a hunter doesn't want to use his lungs, there are manually operated duck and goose calls. The Scotch duck call, for example, is so easy to use that the manufacturer suggests jiggling it with one foot if both hands are otherwise occupied. But for all the simplification, making exactly the right sound at the right time takes practice. This problem, however, is being solved, too, with the sale of instructional records guaranteed to teach the neophyte everything from the fundamentals of breath control to advanced duck discourse.



Calls, Aberrant & Fock

FAVORITE CALLS of duck and goose hunters, representative of wide variety now available to hunters, are assembled above: 1) Mallardtone walnut goose call (\$5); 2) Iversen teakwood duck call (\$5); 3) Lee's slate and wood goose call, hand operated (\$4.25); 4) Iversen rosewood de luse duck call (\$7.50); 5) Lohman walnut duck call (\$2); 6) Brackin hardwood duck call (\$6); 7) Iversen Sprig Whistle, wood (\$4); 8) Old hard-rubber duck call (\$2.75); and 9) Scotch neoprene and hardwood duck call, hand operated (\$7.50).